HIDDEN

by

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NEW LINE CINEMA

Revised 2/8/87 (BLUE)
2/23/87 (PINK)
3/8/87 (yellow)
3/12/87 (Golden Rod)
4/__/87 (white)
5/3/87 (PINK)

Revised, 2/23/87

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CALIFORNIA FEDERATED BANK - DAY 1

We are looking at the front of the bank. Glass doors and windows reflect the tall buildings of WILSHIRE BLVD. Inside, we can make out shapes and figures, not much more. Suddenly, we HEAR A SCREAM, then SEE a SHOTGUN BLAST inside. A GUARD GOES DOWN.

There are MORE SCREAMS and GUNSHOTS FROM VARIOUS WEAPONS. What we are seeing, though not terribly well, is a robbery in progress: people diving out of the way, the fiery muzzle blasts of the weapons, BRINKS GUARDS going down.

The glass doors of the bank open. A man walks calmly out carrying several money bags. If the blazer and slacks under his open raincoat were pressed and clean, he'd be the perfect yuppie. But they're not. He looks like he's slept in them for weeks. In fact, he's a mess: unshaven, unwashed, unkempt. His name is JACK DEVRIES.

DeVries walks down the front steps, the most innocent man in the world. A BRINKS GUARD bleeding from a SHOULDER WOUND bursts out the door and levels his revolver at DeVries.

BRINKS GUARD
Freeze!

DeVries whirls around, pulls a SAWED-OFF RIOT SHOTGUN from his raincoat and BLASTS THE BRINKS GUARD, blowing him back through the shattered glass doors.

And continues calmly and quickly on his way, his expression unchanged despite the sound of SIRENS APPROACHING.

2 thru 3 OMITTED 2 thru 3

4 thru 6 OMITTED 4 thru 6

7 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. DAY 7

DeVries walks down Wilshire to a BLACK FERRARI 308 parked at the curb. He hops in, throwing the money bags into the passenger seat. Camera CRANES UP as he roars off down Wilshire.

8 EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - DAY 8

TWO POLICE CARS SKID to a stop in front of the bank. A few shaken BANK CUSTOMERS have come outside, pointing frantically in the direction of the fading Ferrari.

BANK CUSTOMER
He went that way! In a black Ferrari!

The police cars take off.

CUT TO:

9 INT. FERRARI - DAY 9

Roaring through city traffic at seventy plus. DeVries looks out the back. No one following. He laughs, a crazy cackle. Then he pops in a cassette and turns up the volume on BLASTING ROCK AND ROLL.

10 CITY STREET - DAY 10

TELEPHOTO OF CITY TRAFFIC moving toward camera at a normal pace. Suddenly the Ferrari appears over a hill crest, speeding between cars. Then A HUGE RED FLASHING LIGHT BLASTS INTO FRAME, FOLLOWED BY A SECOND. As the POLICE CARS race toward camera we realize what they are.

And they're in pursuit, racing after the Ferrari.

11 INT. FERRARI - DAY 11

THRU THE REARVIEW MIRROR, DeVries sees the police cars closing in from behind. THRU THE FRONT WINDSHIELD, he sees TWO MORE POLICE CARS racing toward him from two blocks away.

(CONT'D)

11 **CONTINUED:** 11

DeVries smiles maniacly. Then downshifts two gears. The ENGINE SCREAMS. DeVries spins the wheel.

12 **EXT. FERRARI** 12

It spins a U-TURN at sixty. CARS SWERVE. SOME CRASH. The Ferrari fires away, heading STRAIGHT AT THE POLICE CARS! The police cars swerve out of DeVries' way. One POLICE CAR CRASHES INTO A SKIDDING PASSENGER CAR. The police cars that were in front of DeVries, now behind him, continue to pursue.

13 **INT. LEAD POLICE CAR - DAY** 13

FIRST COP
Pursuing suspect west on Wilshire.
Driving black Ferrari.

14 **LOW ANGLE SHOT - FERRARI'S POV:** 14

Wilshire roars past, inches off the ground. Swerving around traffic like it's standing still.

15 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 15

DeVries steers assuredly. Glancing in the rear view mirror. He's oddly enjoying this. He looks over at the MONEY BAGS in the passenger seat. He rips one of the bags open with a nasty looking SWITCHBLADE. Money spills out. He grabs a handful and rolls down the window.

16 **EXT. FERRARI - DAY** 16

as DeVries lets loose with a handful of BILLS. The Ferrari races past and --

17 **THE BILLS** 17

-- flutter in the wind currents, gently settling to earth and causing a major traffic problem - cars slamming on brakes as DRIVERS jump out to grab the money - PEOPLE dashing into the street - and the police cars swerving, trying to avoid colliding.

18 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 18

DeVries is looking in the rear view mirror and loving it. Suddenly, MORE SIRENS AHEAD. DeVries looks.

19 **DEVRIES POV:** 19

HALF A DOZEN POLICE CARS converging on him. Blocking off the roadway ahead.

20 **DEVRIES** 20

yanks the wheel hard to the left.

21 **EXT. CROSS STREET - DAY** 21

The Ferrari skids around a corner, shoots across oncoming traffic. Cars SWERVE to avoid the Ferrari, blocking the way for oncoming police cars. One police car SLAMS INTO A CAMPER, whose CAMPER TOP flies off and into ANOTHER POLICE CAR.

22 OMITTED 22

23 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 23

DeVries looks back over his shoulder. He smiles madly. But when he turns back --

24 **A CAR** 24

-- is just backing out of the driveway ahead.

25 **DEVRIES** 25

brakes -- downshifts -- yanks the wheel -- floors the accelerator.

26 **THE FERRARI** 26

screams around the car, fish-tailing into the street, roaring down the block.

27 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 27

A NURSE pushes an OLD MAN in a WHEELCHAIR across the street. They hear a DISTANT ROAR and turn toward the sound. The Ferrari appears, speeding toward them like a bullet.

28 **LOW ANGLE - FERRARI P.O.V.** 28

The Nurse starts running across the street with the wheelchair, to get out of the Ferrari's way. But DeVries keeps aiming for them. Finally, the Nurse flees in terror, abandoning the Old Man in the chair.

29 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 29

DeVries grips the wheel hard. And hits the Old Man. The front windshield cracks. DeVries glances out the back.

30 **DEVRIES POV:** 30

It takes a moment for the empty wheelchair to crash back to earth.

CUT TO:

31 **A PHOTOGRAPH** 31

of Jack DeVries, clean cut and smiling, like something out of a corporate brochure.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (O.S.)
Yeah, that's him all right. Nice guy. Quiet.

32 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY** 32

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, dressed in bermuda shorts and t-shirt, is holding the picture. DETECTIVE TOM BECK, 40, is waiting for something a little more helpful.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I haven't seen him around for at least a week. What'd he do? Rob a bank?

Suddenly DETECTIVE CLIFF WILLIS, a younger, less experienced version of Beck, runs up --

WILLIS
They've got DeVries. Just came over the radio. High speed chase through Hollywood.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
(incredulous)
Him?

Beck turns quickly, taking the picture back. They start running for their UNMARKED CAR parked curbside.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
They're gonna try and can cut him off at Melrose.

They hop into the car. ENGINE ROARS. The car tears off, SCREECHING TIRES DISSOLVING INTO DEVRIES' LAUGH as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

33 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 33

Racing up Highland. DeVries wipes the sweat from his forehead. His laugh EXTENDING OVER.

34 **EXT. FERRARI - DAY** 34

roaring up the street, pursued by 4 BLACK-AND-WHITES. Looking somewhat beaten-up. Weaving through cars like they're standing still.

CUT TO:

35 **EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY** 35

CAMERA TRACKS DOWN ONE POLICE CAR with SEVERAL POLICEMEN standing behind it, guns ready, to ANOTHER POLICE CAR and MORE COPS, to a THIRD POLICE CAR, and MORE COPS, to a FOURTH CAR, ETC.

CAMERA CRANES UP to a HIGH ANGLE SHOT of the roadblock: TEN CARS and TWENTY COPS AND DETECTIVES. Guns ready.

The unmarked car skids up to the roadblock. Beck and Willis jump out. Willis carries a SHOTGUN. They take up position near DETECTIVE SANCHEZ, hispanic, mid-30's.

SANCHEZ
Hey, Beck.

BECK
How long before he gets here?

SANCHEZ
I wouldn't go for coffee.

SIRENS APPROACH. SCREECHING TIRES. Willis pumps a shell into the shotgun chamber.

COP
There he is.

36 **POV FROM ROADBLOCK:** 36

Black Ferrari roaring toward them.

37 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 37

DeVries stops smiling.

38 **DEVRIES POV:** 38

The ROADBLOCK dead ahead. There is no way out.

39 **DEVRIES** 39

looks in the rear view mirror. Flashing red lights coming up behind. He looks front. Then the smile returns. And he floors the accelerator.

40 **BECK** 40

watching the Ferrari speed up.

BECK
He's gonna run it.

41 **VARIOUS ANGLES:** 41

POLICE pumping shells into shotguns, cocking pistols.

42 **THE FERRARI** 42

races toward them.

BECK
OPEN FIRE!

43 **GUNS** 43

start blazing from the roadblock.

44 **INT. FERRARI** 44

Bullets smash into the windshield. Glass flies. DeVries yanks the steering wheel.

45 **THE FERRARI** 45

SWERVES as its pounded by a hail storm of bullets and shot. Windows SHATTERING, tires BLOWING OUT, car body PUNCTURED by holes.

46 **AT THE ROADBLOCK** 46

Willis empties his gun. Beck watches without firing.

47 **THE FERRARI** 47

SPINS out of control, taking out a PALM TREE, then SLIDES across the street, ROLLING OVER once, SHATTERING a bus bench, and SMASHING into the side of a building.

And suddenly there is silence. All guns have stopped. Only the hissing of steam from the punctured engine.

48 **LONGER ANGLE:** 48

No one moves for a moment. Just staring at the wreck. Then there's a CREAKING SOUND and the passenger door opens. Money is pushed out onto the street. Then DeVries crawls out, getting weakly to his feet. He looks out at all the cops and smiles. Then he laughs.

(CONT'D)

48 **CONTINUED:** 48

And then the Ferrari EXPLODES IN A HUGE GASOLINE FIREBALL.

CUT TO:

49 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY** 49

Jack DeVries is in a plastic tent, just barely alive, burned badly, gunshot wounds, swathed in bandages. A freeway system of tubes runs into and out of his body. Another intensive care PATIENT is in the other bed, unconscious.

50 BECK AND WILLIS 50

stand by the tent. Looking in at DeVries. The attending doctor, DR. GLASS, is with them.

DR. GLASS
With all that trauma, it's a miracle he's still alive. I doubt he'll last the night.

WILLIS
What a way to go.

BECK
If anyone deserved it, it was him.

Beck turns, heads into the corridor. Willis follows.

DR. GLASS
Detective Beck!

51 **INT. CORRIDOR, HOSPITAL - DAY** 51

Dr. Glass comes after Beck, outraged.

DR. GLASS
No one deserves to die that. I don't care what the man's done.

Beck doesn't respond. Just continues down the hall.

WILLIS
He killed twelve people, wounded twenty-three more. Stole six cars, most of them Ferraris, robbed eight banks, six supermarkets, four jewelry stores and a candy shop. Six of the ones he killed he carved up with a butcher knife. Two were kids. He did all this in two weeks.
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

51 **CONTINUED:** 51

WILLIS (Cont'd)
(looks at Doctor)
If anyone deserved to go that way, it was him.

Willis heads down the hall after Beck. The Doctor turns, looks back in at the patient with a slightly different opinion.

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY** 52

Willis crosses to the unmarked car. Engine running.

53 **INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY** 53

Beck is waiting behind the wheel. Willis gets in. Beck pulls out. Looks at Willis, who seems slightly troubled.

BECK
What is it, Willis?

WILLIS
Two weeks ago, a guy named Jack DeVries flips his lid and goes on a rampage. Before that he's a law abiding tax payer minding his own business... It doesn't make any sense. What the hell happened? What triggered him?

BECK
Probably questions like that.

Willis looks over at Beck. On his expression we --

CUT TO:

54 **INT. MASTERSON'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY** 54

CAPTAIN JOHN MASTERSON is fifty, overweight by seventy-five pounds, tired, and in the middle of an argument with another middle-aged police administrator, ED FLYNN.

(CONT'D)

54 **CONTINUED:** 54

MASTERSON
-- Look, Ed, Tom Beck is the best detective I've got. If I give him to you for the Senator, I'll never get him back. My department will then crumble, crime will run rampant, the city will fall into ruin, rampaging hordes will control the streets, and life as we know it will end...
(the PHONE RINGS)
Just a second.
(answers)
Yeah...: F.B.I.?... From Seattle? What the hell does he want?... All right, send him up.
(hangs up)
F.B.I. Just what I need. Look, Ed, I tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have -

ED
I don't want Willis, I want Beck. The Senator's coming here to announce he's running for president, for chrissakes, and he's gotten some threats. It wouldn't look too good if he gets blown away in your division, so I suggest you use some of our *better* people to protect him.

MASTERSON
Maybe I wasn't gonna suggest Willis.

ED
John.

MASTERSON
Ed, Willis has improved. He's been with Beck for over a year now. Give him another shot.

Ed gives Masterson a very sour look.

MASTERSON
Sorry. Try. Give him another try. His aim is much better.

ED
(a beat, then --)
Send Beck to my office.

(CONT'D)

54 **CONTINUED:** 54

Ed, with a slight limp, exits the office, opening the door just as LLOYD GALLAGHER appears in the doorway. Holding out his F.B.I. I.D. Lloyd is in his thirties and looks very little like your archetypal G-Man.

LLOYD
Captain Masterson?

MASTERSON
Yeah. Come on in.

Lloyd enters. Shakes hands with Masterson.

LLOYD
Lloyd Gallagher.

MASTERSON
We're always happy to help the F.B.I. What can we do for you?

Lloyd pulls some official papers from his coat pocket.

LLOYD
I'm following a suspect. And I've followed him here. I need some local help. I've spoken with your chief and he assigned me a Detective Thomas Beck.

Masterson looks up slowly from the official papers in his hands to Lloyd.

CAPT. MASTERSON
You want Beck?

CUT TO:

55 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION, POLICE STATION - DAY** 55

Beck sitting behind his desk. Paper-work time. Willis, at a nearby desk, crumples up a ball of paper and shoots for the waste paper basket. And misses.

MASTERSON (O.S.)
Beck.

Beck looks up. Masterson and Lloyd enter the large office. Masterson tosses the official papers on his desk --

MASTERSON (CONT.)
This is Mr. Gallagher. F.B.I., Seattle. You're working with him for the next few days.

(CONT'D)

55 **CONTINUED:** 55

-- then he turns, walks away, grumbling about the city falling into ruin. Beck looks up at Lloyd, sizing him up, then down at the papers. Willis, looking through some files, also checks him out.

BECK
I'm just supposed to drop everything and give you a hand, huh?

LLOYD
Yep.

BECK
Doesn't anybody say 'please' anymore?

LLOYD
Nope.

BECK
(forced smile)
How can I refuse?

LLOYD
(picks up paper)
Can't.

Lloyd pockets the paper. Beck stares at him for a moment, then scoops all the paperwork off his desk into his arms.

Beck walks across the room to the newcomer in the homicide division, RICHARD BREM, who is already facing a pile of paperwork of his own. Beck dumps his stack of papers onto Brem's desk. Willis and Sanchez recognize Beck's routine and snicker.

BECK
Sorry, Brem, these've just been reassigned to you.

BREM
Aw, come on, Beck, gimme a break.

BECK
I told you, you want a break, you gotta work for it.

BREM
(watching Beck walk away)
I haven't seen my wife in a month.

(CONT'D)

55 **CONTINUED:** 55

BECK
She's fine. She told me to give you a big kiss.

Brem stares at the pile, then buries his head in his hands.

Beck returns to his now clean desk. Sits. Faces Lloyd.

BECK
So, who're we lookin' for, public enemy number one?

Lloyd pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH. Hands it to Beck.

56 **BECK'S POV: PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK DEVRIES** 56

It's the same one Beck showed to the Middle-aged Man.

LLOYD (O.S.)
Name's Jack DeVries.

57 **BACK TO SCENE** 57

Beck looks up from the photo.

BECK
Stockbroker, right?

LLOYD
Was.

Beck smiles, pulls out ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH from a file on his desk and flips it to Lloyd.

58 **INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH #2 OF JACK DEVRIES** 58

A blow-up from the bank video camera, showing DeVries smiling at the camera during the robbery.

59 **BACK TO SCENE** 59

BECK
Hard to believe it's the same guy.

Lloyd looks up from the photo.

BECK
How long you been after him?

LLOYD
A month.

(CONT'D)

59 **CONTINUED:** 59

BECK
Well, buy yourself a bottle of champagne.

LLOYD
Where is he?

BECK
St. Joseph's Hospital. And it doesn't look like he's going to make it. Sorry to spoil your catch, but --

Lloyd turns and moves quickly out of the office. Beck watches for a moment, completely taken by surprise.

BECK
Hey, take it easy. DeVries isn't going anywhere.

CUT TO:

60 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY** 60

CLOSE ON JACK DEVRIES' BANDAGED FACE. Breathing fitfully. Near death. THE EYES SLOWLY OPEN. Looking left, then right.

61 **POV OF PATIENT:** 61

next to him. Tubes running every-which-way. He is a portly gentleman, JONATHAN P. MILLER. And he has a very bad heart.

62 **THE HEART MACHINE** 62

by his bedside pulses erratically.

63 **ANGLE: HOSPITAL ROOM** 63

DeVries stares at Jonathan for a moment. Then he SUDDENLY SITS UP. Ripping tubes out of his arms. He steps out of his plastic tent, moves to Jonathan P. Miller and tears out every tube and connection going into his body.

THE HEART MACHINE ALARM sounds as the pulsating graph drops to a straight line. Jonathan immediately goes into cardiac arrest.

64 **ANGLE: DEVRIES & JONATHAN** 64

DeVries opens his mouth and a BLACK MEMBRANOUS PULSATING GLOB forces its way out. It slides into Jonathan's body through his open mouth as DeVries slumps to the floor.

65 **CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON JONATHAN** 65

as the black glob rams its way through Jonathan's veins like a black serpent, causing the veins to DISTEND HORRIBLY, PUSHING itself down toward the non-beating heart. And then leaving no trace.

CUT TO:

66 **JONATHAN'S CHEST** 66

as his robe is ripped open and two BLACK DISKS are pressed onto Jonathan's heart.

67 **LONGER ANGLE: A RESIDENT AND NURSE** 67

are applying emergency measures. Holding ELECTRODES to Jonathan's chest.

RESIDENT
Again!

The Nurse applies voltage. Suddenly the electrodes leap from the Resident's hands, knocking him to the floor, as if a huge surge of electricity blasted through him.

68 **THE HEART MACHINE GRAPH** 68

leaps to the top and holds, then jumps the complete distance from top to bottom like a 10 point Richter scale earthquake.

69 **THE NURSE** 69

helps the Resident to his feet. Both stare at the patient. They've never seen this reaction before.

RESIDENT
What happened?

NURSE
I don't know.

They both turn and look at the heart machine. The heart beat is now NORMAL, STEADY, HEALTHY.

NURSE
(looking at patient)
Doctor.

The Resident turns. The Nurse is staring at --

70 **JONATHAN** 70

-- whose eyes are now open. Blinking with renewed life. The Resident and Nurse stare at him. Disbelieving what they're seeing.

Then Jonathan turns his head and smiles. A smile we've seen before.

CUT TO:

71 **EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - DAY** 71

Lloyd runs for the hospital main entrance. Enters.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY** 72

The bed once occupied by the portly gentleman is now vacant. The Resident and Nurse who were treating the patient are now arguing with Dr. Glass and Jonathan's doctor, DR. ROGERS.

DR. GLASS
-- I can't believe you'd let a man in his condition just walk out of here.

RESIDENT
I didn't let him walk out, he just went and did it when I went to find you!

NURSE
It was like he just got better.

DR. ROGERS
That man's heart wouldn't have lasted another day without the bypass. Don't tell me he just suddenly felt like taking a stroll.

Lloyd moves up behind them.

LLOYD
Excuse me.

All heads turn. Lloyd flashes his F.B.I. IDENTIFICATION.

CUT TO:

73 **A MEDICAL FILE** 73

filled with the patient's info -- Name: Jonathan P. Miller. Age: 53. Occupation: Certified Public Accountant.

(CONT'D)

73 **CONTINUED:** 73

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)
-- he'd been a patient of mine for a number of years. He has an extremely bad stomach condition severe gastritis and --

74 **INT. DR. ROGERS' OFFICE, HOSPITAL - DAY** 74

Lloyd is looking over the file. Dr. Rogers sits across from him.

DR. ROGERS
(continuing)
-- his heart finally deteriorated to the point where we had to schedule a triple by-pass. I told him that yesterday morning. Yesterday afternoon he had a massive coronary. But today, it was as if he just... well, he just --

Lloyd hands the file back.

LLOYD
-- got up and walked out.

DR. ROGERS
I can't really explain it. But, I'm sure this isn't the man you're looking for. Jonathan Miller would never do anything to break the law. He's a very fine, very honest gentleman.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. RECORD STORE - DAY** 75

A small shop, in a seedy neighborhood.

Jonathan checks out the covers on ROCK 'N ROLL TAPE CASSETTES. Stuffs the ones he likes into his pockets. The CLERK does a slow burn as he watches this outrageous behavior.

CLERK
(finally)
You got any plans to pay for that?

Jonathan glances at the Clerk, then goes back to stealing tapes.

(CONT'D)

75 **CONTINUED:** 75

CLERK
Yo! I'm talking to you, bird brain!

Jonathan ignores him. The Clerk grabs a SAWED-OFF BASEBALL BAT from under the counter and goes after Jonathan.

CLERK
I said --

Jonathan whirls around and smashes the Clerk in the face. The Clerk, reeling, manages to stay on his feet. He faces Jonathan, whose expression is frighteningly cold and malignant.

The Clerk swings the bat. It catches Jonathan on the hand -- bones crack -- but Jonathan holds on, pulls the bat away and starts beating on the Clerk. Even after the Clerk goes down (and O.C.), Jonathan keeps pounding him.

Jonathan is sweating, huffing and puffing. His body in no condition for this much of a work-out.

Jonathan wipes the sweat from his forehead, takes a couple of deep breaths, then turns to the CASH REGISTER. Opens it. Takes all the cash. Then notices a SNUBNOSE .38 in a partially open drawer. Takes it too.

Under the counter is a display of TAPE DECKS and GHETTO BLASTERS. Above the counter, an ADVERTISING POSTER of a cool looking guy, surrounded by gorgeous girls, carrying a blaster on his shoulder.

Jonathan KICKS IN THE GLASS and grabs a LARGE BLASTER. Then walks out of the STORE.

76. **EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY** 76 *

Jonathan accidentally bumps into a PUNKED OUT TEEN-AGED GIRL on her way in. He keeps going, as if she didn't exist.

TEEN-AGED GIRL
(turns toward Jonathan)
Asshole.

Jonathan keeps going. The girl continues into the store.

(CONT'D)

76 **CONTINUED:** 76

CAMERA TRACKS WITH JONATHAN. Just a pleasant looking man carrying a large ghetto blaster, minding his own business, smiling his way down the sidewalk. Suddenly we HEAR A SCREAM FROM DOWN THE BLOCK. Jonathan beams.

CUT TO:

77 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY** 77

Beck looks up from his desk. Lloyd is standing in front of him.

LLOYD
We should get started.

BECK
Get started on what? I've got a news flash for you. The hospital called, DeVries is dead.

LLOYD
I know.

Lloyd hands Beck --

78 **A PHOTOGRAPH** 78

-- of Jonathan P. Miller. Looking very much the middle class conservative. Glasses. Grey suit. Striped tie. Neatly groomed. Hint of a smile.

79 **BACK TO SCENE** 79

Beck gives Lloyd an annoyed look.

BECK
Let me guess, public enemy number two?

Then he scoops up all the papers on his desk, walks them over to Brem, the youthful detective.

BREM
It wasn't funny the first time, Beck.

Beck dumps the files onto Brem's desk again.

BECK
The problem with you, Brem, you got no sense of humor.

Brem looks grimly at the pile, then watches Beck return to his clean desk. DETECTIVE WOODFIELD also watches.

(CONT'D)

79 **CONTINUED:** 79

BECK
This better be good.

CUT TO:

80 **A COMPUTER PRINT-OUT** 80

as it curls out of the printer. Information about Jonathan P. Miller. Beck's hand reaches in and rips off the paper. *

81 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY** 81 *

Lloyd and Beck look over the information.

BECK
Quite the desperado. They still handing out the death penalty for unpaid traffic tickets?

Beck crumples up the print-out, drops it to the floor.

BECK (CONT'D)
I don't do traffic tickets.

Beck turns, walks over to Brem's desk. Beck scoops up his files, moves back to his desk, sits down, and angrily starts going through them. Brem doesn't know what the hell's going on. *

ADLER
Beck.

BECK
Go away, I'm busy.

ADLER
Got a homicide on Sixth and Cahuenga.

Beck looks up. ADLER, an older cop, is standing in front of him, holding out the info.

82 **OMITTED** 82

83 **INT. RECORD STORE - DAY** 83

as POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS record the murder on film. Beck enters, moves through the maze of cops, looks at the body.

(CONT'D)

83 **CONTINUED:** 83

He pushes his way through photographers. Kneels beside the Clerk's sheet draped body. Looks it over. Detective Sanchez comes over to Beck.

SANCHEZ
There's a witness. Apparently she came in right after it happened. She got a pretty good look at the guy.

Sanchez points to the Teen-aged Girl sitting tearfully in the corner of the room. A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER is trying to comfort her. And standing next to her is Lloyd. Beck is becoming annoyed. He crosses to Lloyd.

BECK
What're you doin' here?

LLOYD
Just checkin' up on a couple of traffic tickets.

Beck stares at Lloyd for a moment, then Beck motions for Lloyd to follow him outside.

84 **EXT. STORE - DAY** 84

Lloyd follows Beck. Beck takes him out of earshot of the other cops.

BECK
Look, I'm not big on games. I don't know what you think this has to do with you, but you're outta line. The man you came to get is dead. Your job here is done. I suggest you catch the next plane back to Seattle.

They stare at each other for a moment, then Beck turns. Lloyd watches him as he goes back inside and we --

CUT TO:

85 **INT. OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY** 85

A POLICE SKETCH ARTIST is drawing on his pad. The girl witness sits next to him.

TEEN-AGED GIRL
A little more around the eyes.

The door opens. Beck enters.

(CONT'D)

85 **CONTINUED:** 85

TEEN-AGED GIRL
(looking at sketch)
Yeah. Yeah, that's him. That's the guy

The artist turns the --

86 **SKETCH** 86

-- for Beck to see. And it's a very accurate rendering of Jonathan P. Miller.

87 **BECK** 87

glares at the picture.

SKETCH ARTIST
Not your everyday murderer.

CUT TO:

88 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY** 88

Beck is speaking with a WOMAN OFFICER as Lloyd enters and stands near Masterson's office.

BECK
Print up a bunch of these and hand 'em out. And put out an a.p.b. on Miller. Armed and dangerous.

The Woman Officer notices Lloyd. Then Beck turns and sees him. A beat, then --

LLOYD
Missed my plane.

BECK
Where's the photo.

Lloyd hands Beck the photo of Miller. Beck hands it to the officer.

BECK (CONT.)
Here. Forget the sketch.

The officer exits. Beck turns to Lloyd.

BECK
One more thing...

Beck scoops all the files off his desk.

89 **CLOSE-UP - BREM** 89

HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Slowly turns. He knows what's coming.

CUT TO:

90 **INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOMICIDE - DAY** 90 *

Beck and Lloyd move down the hall together. Beck is hot.

BECK
I want to know how you knew about Miller.

LLOYD
He used to work with DeVries.

BECK
Doing what, pulling illegal u-turns? DeVries didn't have a record until two weeks ago.

LLOYD
He had a record long before that.

BECK
Not according to our files.

LLOYD
I'm not responsible for the inaccuracy of your files.

The hair bristles on the back of Beck's neck.

A91 INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, POLICE STATION A91

Beck and Lloyd continue their conversation as they round the corner into the main entrance.

BECK
Look, Lloyd, if I'm gonna help on this, I think you better fill me in on some of the details.

LLOYD
I'm tracking down a criminal. He's come to your city. You've been assigned to help me find him. It's that simple.

BECK
If it was that simple, the F.B.I. wouldn't be butting their big bureau into my little city.

They exit the police station.

91 **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY** 91

Beck and Lloyd move down the steps to the street.

LLOYD
You don't have anything on Miller because he's always changing his identity. Same with DeVries. You didn't have anything on him until a couple weeks ago because that's when you finally caught up with him as DeVries. Before that he was Tommy J. Lusk in Portland. And before Portland, William Butler, Seattle. Miller does the same thing. And this is the closest I've been. He has got to be stopped here. Before he moves again. We'll take my car.

Lloyd leads the way. Walking between TWO CARS - A BEAT-UP DODGE and a PORSCHE. Beck stops at the passenger door of the Dodge. Waiting for Lloyd to open it. But Lloyd continues to the sleek SILVER PORSCHE.

Lloyd gets into the Porsche, shuts his door. A beat, then the passenger door opens. Beck looks at the Porsche for a moment, then at the Dodge, not quite believing it. Then, a bit self-consciously, he moves to the Porsche and gets in. The ENGINE PURRS to life.

92 **INT. PORSCHE** 92

Beck gives Lloyd a look, then shuts the door. A little harder than necessary.

BECK
F.B.I. must be payin' pretty good these days.

Lloyd looks at Beck.

LLOYD
Pretty good.

Then he pops the clutch.

93 **THE PORSCHE** 93

leaves two yards of rubber behind as it pulls into traffic.

94 **INT. PORSCHE - DAY** 94

Lloyd drives very fast, very well, through traffic. Beck's hand grips the door handle.

(CONT'D)

94 **CONTINUED:** 94

BECK
Mind my askin' how much one of these costs?

LLOYD
No.

Beck waits. Nothing from Lloyd.

BECK
(annoyed)
How much?

LLOYD
Don't know.

BECK
You don't know... What'd you do, steal it?

LLOYD
Yeah.

Beck stares at Lloyd. Then Lloyd looks over at him. Then they both turn, look front.

95 thru 96 **OMITTED** 95 thru 96

97 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY** 97

Jonathan Miller is eating a BIG STEAK, POTATOES, VEGETABLES. He scoops up a piece of steak, dips it in the potatoes, then into the vegetables. Then loads it into his mouth. Chewing happily. Mouth very full. The man is a glutton. On the seat opposite, the ghetto blaster pumps out ROCK 'N ROLL at major volume.

People stare. A COUPLE OF WAITRESSES, the OLD GUY dunking his donut in his coffee, the family -- DAD, MOM, SISTER and BROTHER.

FIRST WAITRESS (O.C.)
Hey, you mind turning that down?

(CONT'D)

97 **CONTINUED:** 97

Jonathan pays her no mind, swallows, picks up his beer, drinks. Then looks around.

98 **JONATHAN'S P.O.V.** 98

Yellow vinyl booths and stools around the counter. His view finally comes to rest on the --

99 **TELEVISION** 99

-- above the counter. A NEWS REPORT is in progress featuring SENATOR RICHARD HOLT, a craggily handsome man in his late forties. He is outside a NEW YOUTH CENTER, being presented with a PLAQUE and a handshake from a COMMUNITY LEADER. An audience of LOCAL PEOPLE AND KIDS applaud and cheer him.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Yesterday, Senator Richard Holt, who is expected to announce his candidacy for president in a speech here this Friday, dedicated one of the new Youth Centers he helped fund this year in Congress.

100 **JONATHAN** 100

is clearly fascinated by Holt -- so much so that he turns the blaster off to listen.

101 **CU: TELEVISION** 101

Holt is followed by REPORTERS as he walks toward his car outside the Youth Center.

REPORTER
Is it true you'll be announcing your campaign plans this Tuesday?

HOLT
You'll have to wait till Tuesday for an answer on that.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
The Senator, a vocal opponent of military spending, is also expected to visit the Rockcliff Nuclear Testing Facility in Los Taxis later this week...

102 **INT. COFFEE SHOP** 102

Jonathan watches the television another moment, then suddenly becomes aware of something deep within his body. Something he's never felt before. Stomach condition starting to act up. He shifts his bulk, opens his mouth and BELCHES LOUDLY.

(CONT'D)

102 **CONTINUED:** 102

One of the waitresses turns, gives him a look. So do a couple of the patrons.

Jonathan immediately feels better, smiles, and turns back to his food, continuing to eat merrily away. There's a RUMBLING in his stomach again. He stops chewing, waits, then peels off a very loud and very rude FART.

Every conversation in the restaurant stops.

But Jonathan feels better again. And goes right back to eating. Unaware that all eyes in the place are on him. He apparently has no concept of couth.

THE TWO WAITRESSES exchange a look.

FIRST WAITRESS
He's your table. Maybe you should ask him to leave.

The second waitress slowly turns, looks back at Jonathan. It's a job she doesn't want.

103 **JONATHAN** 103

is finishing off his food when something catches his attention outside.

104 **EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY** 104

A BLACK 308 FERRARI pulls up outside the window at a stop light.

105 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY** 105

Jonathan grabs his blaster and rushes to the exit, without paying. The Two Waitresses don't move an inch.

FIRST WAITRESS
I don't believe it. He just ran out without paying.

SECOND WAITRESS
You want to do anything about it?

The First Waitress looks at the other. Then shakes her head no. Not a chance.

106 **EXT. STREET - DAY** 106

Jonathan runs toward the black 308. Just as he gets there, the light changes and the Ferrari blasts away.

Jonathan stops, huffing and puffing, watching the Ferrari disappear into traffic. The run was a real strain on him. His face is beet red. He clutches his chest painfully.

107 **OMITTED** 107

108 **EXT. RECORD STORE - DAY** 108

The Porsche pulls up. Engine shuts off. Lloyd and Beck get out. The store has been sealed off with CRIME SCENE signs. Lloyd looks down the street.

LLOYD
How far's St. Josephs from here?

BECK
Three or four blocks. Why?

LLOYD
From which direction?

Beck points. Lloyd then motions in the opposite direction, on either side of the street.

LLOYD
I'll take this side, you take the other.

(CONT'D)

108 **CONTINUED:** 108

BECK
Wait a second! Hold on. Who's giving the orders here?

LLOYD
I know how the suspect operates. We don't have much time.

Lloyd starts down the street. Heading for the first open store.

BECK
(realizing)
You're saying Miller came from the hospital?

LLOYD
Yeah.

BECK
What was he doing there? To see DeVries?

LLOYD
Yeah.

BECK
Why don't you just tell me some of this shit so I don't have to ask so many goddamn questions? We're supposed to be on the same side.

Lloyd stops, turns around facing Beck.

LLOYD
Miller came from the hospital. He was there to see DeVries.

A moment of silence, then Lloyd turns and starts back down the street again.

BECK
Well great, thank you. I really feel enlightened now. Mr. Miller doesn't have a chance.

Lloyd continues down the street, without paying attention. And that finally gets to Beck.

BECK
Hey!

Lloyd turns again, slower this time, losing his patience.

(CONT'D)

108 **CONTINUED:** 108

BECK
Why the hell would he come here and murder a guy for a lousy hundred bucks and a radio?!

LLOYD
Because he likes it. When he wants something, he steals it. Something gets in his way, he kills it. You think you know what bad is... he's bad. And right now, he's using your city as a place to hide.

BECK
This is Miller?

LLOYD
Right.

BECK
You make him sound like DeVries.

Lloyd stares at Beck for a moment, then he turns and enters a shop. Beck crosses the street.

109 thru 110 **OMITTED** 109 thru 110

111
thru
114 OMITTED

111
thru *
114

115 thru 118 OMITTED 115 thru 118

119 **EXT/INT. FERRARI DEALERSHIP - DAY** 119

CAMERA OUTSIDE LOOKING THRU WINDOW INTO SHOWROOM. Filled with bright shiny new toys for the rich. JONATHAN'S REFLECTION appears in the window. Looking in at the cars. CAMERA PANS to Jonathan. His face is red and sweaty. It looks as if he could use an Alka-Seltzer. He HEARS the unmistakable REV of a FERRARI ENGINE. Jonathan turns.

The BRIGHT RED TESTAROSSA purrs onto the lot. Jonathan's eyes sparkle. *

120 **EXT. LOT, FERRARI DEALERSHIP** 120

The Testarossa's top is open. TWO MEN inside. A good looking, sharply dressed guy with dark glasses is behind the wheel -- MICHAEL BUCKLEY. Next to him, the SALESMAN, a gentleman of Italian descent. Michael revs the engine. Shuts it off. He's impressed. *

SALESMAN
You're impressed.

MICHAEL
I'm impressed.

SALESMAN
That's because this car makes an impression.

Jonathan walks up in the b.g.

(CONT'D)

120 **CONTINUED:** 120

MICHAEL (CONT.)
The question is, do I trade in my Mercedes or hang on to it?

They both become aware of Jonathan staring at them. Jonathan smiles. Michael lowers his glasses down his nose to get a better look.

JONATHAN
I want this car.

The Salesman's trained eye sizes up Jonathan in an instant - no dough.

SALESMAN
I'll bet you do, dear.
(to Michael)
Let's go to my office.

The Salesman and Michael get out of the car, head for the office. Jonathan watches them. Then turns his attention back to the car. Jonathan starts to get into the car when the Salesman comes running back. Annoyed.

SALESMAN
Sir, sir, please...
(Jonathan stops)
This is not a toy. If you'll wait till I'm finished I'll show you a car later. All right?

JONATHAN
I want this car.

SALESMAN
(a warning)
This car is sold.

Michael walks up.

MICHAEL
Hey, buddy, I'm buyin' this car. Don't touch it.

Jonathan stares at both men for a moment. Then the Salesman and Michael heads back for the office. As soon as they enter the sales office, Jonathan touches the car.

121 **INT. FERRARI SHOWROOM - DAY** 121

The Salesman is staring out the door at Jonathan. Disgusted.

SALESMAN
Eddie!... Eddie!

(CONT'D)

121 **CONTINUED:** 121

The security guard, EDDIE, a large, ex-football type, comes down the hall. The Salesman points at Jonathan.

SALESMAN
Kick that asshole off the lot.

Eddie nods, exits. Walks toward Jonathan. The Salesman turns back toward Michael.

SALESMAN
Sorry.

He motions Michael toward his office.

122 **EXT. LOT, FERRARI DEALERSHIP - DAY** 122

Jonathan is sitting in the Ferrari rewiring the ignition when Eddie walks up next to the car and plants his hands on his waist as if this formidable pose will be enough to shrink the opposition. Instead, Jonathan farts again on the brand new Ferrari upholstery.

EDDIE
Hey, dickhead! Whatta you think you're doin'?

Jonathan looks up. Smiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Outa the car.

Eddie opens the door, pulls Jonathan out. He grabs Jonathan by the arm and escorts him roughly off the lot.

JONATHAN
What are you doing?

EDDIE
Throwin' your fuckin' ass off the fuckin' lot.

Eddie shoves Jonathan. Jonathan falls to the sidewalk hard and tumbles into the gutter. It hurts.

EDDIE
Don't come back. I won't be so gentle next time.

Eddie turns, starts back onto the lot. Jonathan takes a moment to catch his breath. Then slowly gets to his feet. His happy smile is gone. And his expression seems to be more like that of the late Jack DeVries.

(CONT'D)

122 **CONTINUED:** 122

CAMERA TRACKS WITH EDDIE. In the b.g. Jonathan following. After a few steps, Eddie slows. Does he hear footsteps? He turns. Jonathan is coming at him. And Eddie is pissed.

EDDIE
All right, pal, you want a broken nose? You came to the right place.

Jonathan keeps coming. Eddie hauls back and PUNCHES Jonathan in the face. To Eddie's amazement, Jonathan stays on his feet. A TRICKLE OF BLOOD runs down from Jonathan's nose. Jonathan feels the blood, looks at it the way someone might examine the oil that's leaked from his car -- that detached.

Eddie starts toward Jonathan. Jonathan's hand darts up, grabbing Eddie's throat in a grip like a vise. Taking Eddie completely by surprise. And squeezing the life out of him. Then we HEAR the EXPLOSION OF A GUN. Eddie's eyes bug out, staring at Jonathan in disbelief.

123 **INT. SALESMAN'S OFFICE - DAY** 123

The Salesman and Michael are snorting cocaine. Michael thinks he heard something. But the Salesman is in the middle of a snort.

MICHAEL
What was that?

SALESMAN
Huh? Oh, backfire. Trust me, you will have an orgasm every time you hit a hundred.

MICHAEL
In town?

SALESMAN
Of course "in town." Anybody can do it on the freeway.

A knock at the door.

SALESMAN
I'm busy.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
I want the car.

SALESMAN
Oh shit.

(CONT'D)

123 **CONTINUED:** 123

Angry and annoyed, the Salesman covers the cocaine on his desk with the contracts. Moves to the door. Opens it and jumps back. Eddie falls forward, thudding to the floor. Jacket red with blood.

Michael and the Salesman stare at Eddie in disbelief.

SALESMAN
Oh my God.

The Salesman looks up at Jonathan in the doorway, dried blood smeared under his nose.

JONATHAN
I need the keys.

SALESMAN
Give him the keys.

MICHAEL
Hey, man, it's my car, I signed --

SALESMAN
GIVE HIM THE FUCKIN' KEYS!

Michael holds out the keys reluctantly. Jonathan takes them.

JONATHAN
Thank you.
(his smile returns)
Bye.

Jonathan raises the gun at the Salesman. And fires.

124 **THE SALESMAN** 124

is knocked back onto his desk with the force of the bullet. Hitting the contracts. And spilling the cocaine all over the floor. Jonathan turns the gun at Michael. As he pulls the trigger and we HEAR THE GUN SHOT as we --

CUT TO:

125 **THE BRIGHT RED TESTAROSSA - DAY** 125 *

ENGINE REVVING LOUDLY. TIRES SCREECHING. Jonathan behind the wheel. He roars out of the lot onto the street.

126 **INT. FERRARI - DAY** 126

Jonathan behind the wheel. Wind blowing through his hair. He turns on the radio. Hard Rock. LOUD. Then sits back, hits the gas and cruises down the boulevard. Enjoying life.

CUT TO:

127 **INT. SALESMAN'S OFFICE - DAY** 127

STROBES FLASH on Michael and the Salesman who lie dead on the floor. Eddie lies in dead the corner.

SANCHEZ
It's one of those days.

The office is being searched by Police. Sanchez directing the search. The CORONER'S ASSISTANT, who wears a green jump suit with the words "CORONER" on the back, is getting the body bags ready. Lloyd is leaning against the wall. Just watching. Beck is putting a finger into spilled cocaine. Tasting. Beck gets up, moves to Lloyd.

BECK
Coke. Do you know if Miller had anything to do with drugs?

LLOYD
He's into everything.

Detective Willis enters from outside.

WILLIS
Beck. We got a couple of cars out there with license plates. One registered to...
(checks notes)
... Anthony Lecce.

SANCHEZ
That's the wop.

WILLIS
Other one's registered to Anchor Productions. I think it belongs to this stiff...
(indicates Michael)
... but we don't have a name yet -- his wallet was lifted. We're running it down.

BECK
Give it to me as soon as you get it. Anyone contacted the owner of this place?

(CONT'D)

127 **CONTINUED:** 127

WILLIS
In the works.

BECK
When you find him, get an inventory. I want to know if any vehicles are missing.

SANCHEZ
Already got it.
(holds up papers)
They were just finishing the deal. It's a red Testarossa and it's not here.

LLOYD
He took it.

Everyone looks at Lloyd.

WILLIS
How d'you know?

LLOYD
He likes Ferraris.

A beat, then --

BECK
All right, put out an A.P.B. on the red Testarossa. No plates. And let's get some action in a hurry. We've got three dead in less than four hours. I don't want to give Mr. Miller too much more time to add to that.

CUT TO:

128 **EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY** 128

Jonathan tools down Rodeo Drive. Expensive shops on either side. Jonathan slows. He likes what he sees. Women, diamonds, wealth. He gets a few admiring stares himself, or at least the car does.

Jonathan stops for a red light, SEES --

129 **A ROLLS ROYCE CONVERTIBLE** 129

with a very cool HANDSOME YOUNG MAN behind the wheel. He HONKS his horn at a couple of BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN on the street. He points at them like he's shooting a pistol. Bang. The women smile at the guy as he pulls up next to them. They talk for a moment, then get into the car. And off they go.

130 **JONATHAN** 130

cruises past as the light changes to green. Moving down the street. He SEES --

131 **TWO MORE PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN** 131

on the street.

132 **JONATHAN** 132

honks. Shoots with his finger. Bang. And pulls to the curb. The two young women look at him as if he's out of his mind.

PRETTY YOUNG GIRL
Fuck off.

Then they walk down the street. The second pretty young girl turns back and flips Jonathan off. Jonathan pulls the .38 out of his pocket. He's going to put an end to these insults right then and there, but something else catches his attention.

133 **THE GIRLS** 133

have just walked in front of a Bank. The girls no longer hold an interest.

134 **JONATHAN** 134

pulls the Ferrari slowly past the bank and stops. Casing it for immediate robbery. Then he continues past and clicks open the cylinder on the .38. No bullets left. Too bad. He takes out --

135 **MICHAEL'S STOLEN WALLET** 135

Jonathan rifles through it. Two things hold his interest: MICHAEL'S BUSINESS CARD for Anchor Imports, with a La Cienega Blvd. address; and a card with two naked girls on it that says -- FOR A GOOD TIME *COME* TO CHARLIE'S PLACE.

CUT TO:

136 **EXT. FERRARI DEALERSHIP - DAY** 136

Beck and Lloyd exit, head for the Porsche parked curbside.

BECK
You've got Miller figured pretty well.

LLOYD
Well enough to keep up with him, not well enough to catch him.

They get into the Porsche. Lloyd guns it away from the curb.

137 **INT. PORSCHE - DAY** 137

BECK
You know what bothers me about these two guys, DeVries and Miller?

LLOYD
Neither has a long criminal record. They both seem to have led normal lives until a few days ago. And now they're killing people.

Beck looks at Lloyd.

BECK
You read minds or was that just a stab in the dark?

LLOYD
I read minds.

BECK
Really.
(smiles)
What am I thinking now?

LLOYD
I'm full of shit.

BECK
Impressive.

LLOYD
Not really. Pretty simple to read.

Lloyd suddenly floors the gas pedal.

138 **EXT. PORSCHE** 138

It shoots forward. Just making it through a yellow light as it turns red. Swerving to avoid a couple of early starting cars. HORNS HONK. The Porsche blasts past.

139 **INT. PORSCHE** 139

Beck is hanging on for dear life. He relaxes slightly.

BECK
I can't read minds, so I'd like to know if you're just doin' your job or is there something personal between you, DeVries and Miller?

(CONT'D)

139 **CONTINUED:** 139

LLOYD
He killed my partner.

That touches a nerve in Beck.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
I guess you could say it's personal.

BECK
I'm sorry.
(beat)
Which one?

LLOYD
Huh?

BECK
Which one killed your partner?

LLOYD
Both.

Beck looks at him, exasperated, but decides not to pursue it.

BECK
I'm surprised the Bureau let you stay on this. I hear they're not big on revenge.

LLOYD
What about you?

BECK
As a cop?

LLOYD
No. As a... as a man.

BECK
I lost a partner too, a while back. I know how it feels.
(beat)
We'll get Miller. Don't worry.

CUT TO:

140 **LA CIENEGA BLVD. - DAY** 140

The red Ferrari cruises along. Jonathan slows. Checks an address. Then pulls into the LOT of a nondescript building, parks behind some OTHER EXPENSIVE CARS.

141 **INT. OFFICE, ANCHOR IMPORTS - DAY** 141

Jonathan opens the door -- he has Michael's keys. The office is cluttered with crates and kitchy imports, some of which are of a soft-core nature: carved statues of naked women, paintings of same, etc. These particularly pique Jonathan's interest.

He sees a STEREO CONSOLE and switches it on. "Easy Listening" music comes out of the speakers. The expression on Jonathan's face turns mean. He pulls out his gun to shoot it, but he's out of bullets. Instead, he SMASHES the stereo. The music goes off.

Jonathan sees a door and opens it. It's to the bathroom, which doubles as an equipment storeroom. He enters.

142 **A MIRROR OVER THE BATHROOM SINK** 142

Jonathan looks at himself. Overweight body. Not particularly good looking. He pulls up his shirt, looks at the size of his stomach. Big. He regards himself the way a person might who's just tried on a very unflattering suit of clothes. Then he belches.

143 **INT. BATHROOM** 143

Jonathan sees an open WOODEN CRATE topped with excelsior. Inside, a .357 MAGNUM WITH SILENCER. Jonathan is delighted with his find. He lifts it out. Aims along the barrel. Pulls the trigger. It clicks on an empty chamber. He looks in ANOTHER CRATE. Muzzles of A RIFLE, SHOTGUN and AR gleam inside the crate.

But suddenly something is wrong. Not with the guns. With him. His face turns red and he starts gasping for breath. Then a pain suddenly shoots through his chest. He grabs his arm. His eyes bug out. He staggers out of the bathroom into --

144 **THE OFFICE** 144

-- and falls on the floor. Jonathan is in the middle of a major coronary. He curls up on the floor -- paralyzed by the attack. Sweat beads on his forehead. But he's not going to give up. He's fighting the body's natural desire to die.

His VEINS DISTEND as the black glob in his body once more pushes through to force the dying heart to continue beating. He struggles to his feet. Gasping. Clutching his chest. He falls back, HITTING A LAMP, knocking it to the floor. The BLACKENED VEINS IN HIS NECK PULSATE. He contorts with pain and rage.

He swings around violently as another pain surges through his body. He falls back against a sleazy poster, knocking it over. Then he falls to the floor again. The --

145 **THE VEINS IN HIS ARM** 145

-- swell up. Bigger and bigger. Suddenly one of them BURSTS. Blood spurts up. A BLACK MEMBRANOUS TENTACLE shoots out of the vein.

146 **JONATHAN** 146

clamps down on the bleeding vein. Holding it as he slowly regains control. The TENTACLE WITHDRAWS back into the vein. He lies on the floor, unable to move for a moment. Breathing easier. Face red. Sweat dripping off him. He struggles to his feet again.

147 **INT. OFFICE** 147

Still holding the burst vein, Jonathan staggers to a desk. Opens drawers. Finding packing tape. He grabs the tape and wraps it hard around his bleeding wrist. Stopping the bleeding. Then he sits down in the chair. He can't do anything for the moment except sit and breath. Forcing the air into and out of the lungs. He's in bad shape.

CUT TO:

148 **A COMPUTER SCREEN** 148

as data appears across the screen:

ANCHOR PRODUCTIONS INCORPORATED - 6655 LA CIENEGA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CA - MICHAEL BUCKLEY, PRESIDENT

149 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - NIGHT** 149

Beck and Lloyd look at the computer terminal.

BECK
Okay. Michael Buckley owns Anchor Productions which owns the Mercedes. Let's see if Mr. Buckley has an arrest record.

Beck types in a new command.

150 **THE COMPUTER SCREEN** 150

clears. A moment later new information:

MICHAEL BUCKLEY - 1967 11350 HNS POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS FOR SALE 1967 NARCOTICS 1968 318 POSSESSION FOR SALE OF PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIAL 1969 3311.2 SALE OR DISTRIBUTION OF OBSCENE MATTER OF MINORS 1970 311.3 SALE OR DISTRIBUTION OF PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIAL OF PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF FOURTEEN 1970 311.6 PARTICIPATION OR PRESENTATION OF OBSCENE OR PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIAL IN PUBLIC 1970 12020 POSSESSION OF A CONCEALED WEAPON 1974 12025 FIREARMS POSSESSION, ETC.

151 **BACK TO SCENE** 151

Sanchez has come over and looks at the screen. He's carrying a FLAME THROWER.

SANCHEZ
Another law abiding citizen.

BECK
Let's get somebody out there to check his office and his house.
(sees flame thrower)
Jesus Christ! What the hell is that?

SANCHEZ
A flame thrower. Can you believe it, man? We took it off some home boy in the street.

The PHONE BUZZES. Sanchez answers.

SANCHEZ
(into phone)
Homicide... Sure, hold on.
(hands phone to Beck)
Your wife.

BECK
(into phone)
Hi... Okay...
(looks at watch)
About a half an hour. Just a second.
(turns to Lloyd, covering phone)
You got any friends in this town?

(CONT'D)

151 **CONTINUED:** 151

Lloyd shrugs. Beck stares at him for a moment, trying to make up his mind, then --

BECK
(into phone)
You got enough for one more?... Yeah, from outa town... Thanks, baby.

Beck hangs up, turns to Lloyd.

(CONT'D)

151 **CONTINUED:** 151

BECK
(almost an order)
You're having dinner with my wife and me.

Beck gets up, starts for the door.

BECK
(to Sanchez)
I'll be at home if anything comes down.

Lloyd doesn't move.

BECK
Come on.

Lloyd follows him.

CUT TO:

152 **EXT. BECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 152

Nice tract home in a nice tract neighborhood. Lloyd and Beck get out of the Porsche. Beck heads for the house. Lloyd remains, looks it over curiously.

BECK
(annoyed)
You coming?
(Lloyd comes)
I suppose you live in a castle.

LLOYD
Apartment. One bedroom.

153 **INT. ENTRANCEWAY, BECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 153

Beck and Lloyd are just coming in. Lloyd still looking around.

BECK
(calls upstairs)
Barb?

BARBARA (O.S.)
I'm in with Juliet.

BECK
Be right up.

Beck motions Lloyd into --

154 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 154

They enter. Beck offers Lloyd a seat. Lloyd stands. This guy really needs to go to charm school. *

BECK
Make yourself at home.

BECK
You want a beer or wine or something?

LLOYD
Whatever you're having?

BECK
Beer.

LLOYD
Okay.

Beck heads for the kitchen.

(CONT'D)

154 **CONTINUED:** 154

Lloyd checks out the living room -- the furniture, paintings on the walls and, curiously, a TELESCOPE.

He walks to the telescope. On the bookshelf beside it, TWO PHOTOGRAPHS: Beck as a young Police Academy Graduate; and a WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH of BECK AND BARBARA, both younger, smiling, madly in love. Lloyd stares at the wedding photo for a moment, then turns his attention to the telescope, touches it.

He looks up and catches himself in the MIRROR. Brushing back some hair.

BECK (O.S.)
Here's your beer.

Lloyd quickly turns around to Beck, who enters, two beers in hand. Gives one to Lloyd.

BECK (CONT.)
(indicates telescope)
You ever look through one of those?

LLOYD
No.

BECK
Sometimes the wind blows off the smog, I take it out. Pretty incredible, what's up there.
(meaning the heavens)
Kind of puts things in perspective. Excuse me.

Beck heads for --

155 **INT. JULIET'S ROOM - NIGHT** 155

The room is lit by a single small lamp. BARBARA, 30, Beck's wife, mid-western pretty, is tucking in JULIET, their lovely three year old daughter. Beck comes into the doorway, watches them a moment. It's the first time we've seen him smile, seen his softness.

BECK
Hi, babe.

Beck hugs Barbara from behind, kisses her on the neck. Barbara squeezes him.

(CONT'D)

155 **CONTINUED:** 155

BARBARA
How'd it go today, hon'?

BECK
Murders, rapes... The usual.
(to Juliet)
How's my little jewel?

BARBARA
Past her bedtime.

(CONT'D)

155 **CONTINUED:** 155

Beck moves close to Juliet.

BECK
Were you a good girl today?

JULIET
Yes, daddy.

BECK
Did you listen to your mommy?

JULIET
Uh huh.

BECK
And what do you get?

JULIET
A big kiss!

Beck swoops Juliet out of bed, holds the delicate child in his brawny arms and kisses her. She giggles and wraps herself around his neck. Barbara indulges them both.

Juliet sees something O.S in the doorway and stares in utter fascination. Neither Beck nor Barbara notice.

BARBARA
She's been a little cranky today. I think she's coming down with that flu. Okay, sweetheart. Time for bed.

JULIET
Noooo.

BECK
Here we go. Airplane landing.

Beck flies Juliet through the air with a ZZZZZ-ing sound, sets her down in her bed in a perfect three point landing.

BARBARA
Who we having over for dinner this time?

BECK
F.B.I.

BARBARA
At least they're polite.

156 **LLOYD** 156

has been watching from the doorway. Barbara notices him.

BARBARA
(warm smile)
Hi.

Beck sees Lloyd and is a little embarrassed, a little annoyed, to be seen in this private moment.

BECK
Uhh... Lloyd Gallagher, my wife Barbara.

BARBARA
Nice to have you here, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Nice to be here. Thank you.
(backing away)
I didn't mean to bother you.

BARBARA
It's no bother. Come on in a second.
(to Juliet)
Say goodnight to Mr. Gallagher.

Lloyd moves in closer to Juliet. They look at one another for a very long moment. Juliet is literally speechless with wonder at his man. Lloyd, for the first time, seems terribly vulnerable. Then --

LLOYD
Excuse me.

Lloyd turns abruptly and is gone. Barbara looks at Juliet, then at Beck. There's something very unusual, very special about that man, and she's feeling it too. Beck just shrugs.

CUT TO:

157 **EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT** 157

NEON SIGNS advertising strip joints, X-rated books and cassettes, marital aids, what-have-you. The Red Ferrari cruises down the street.

158 **INT. FERRARI - NIGHT** 158

Jonathan behind the wheel. He's beginning to look a little ragged around the edges. Unshaven. Hair mussed. Bloodshot eyes. And pale. From loss of blood. His bleeding arm is still wrapped with tape. Beside him, a DUFFEL BAG. The ASSAULT RIFLE and a SHOTGUN stick out of the duffel.

(CONT'D)

158 **CONTINUED:** 158

Something catches Jonathan's eye --

159 **EXT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT** 159

The strip joint on the card in Michael's wallet. The sign outside says NIGHTLY SHOW, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS. And featuring BRENDA LEE VAN BUREN. The Ferrari pulls curbside.

CUT TO:

160 **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT** 160

Lloyd, Beck and Barbara sit around the table eating. There are two empty beer bottles by Lloyd's plate. Lloyd is drunk. He can hardly get his fork into his mouth. Barbara and Beck watch him. Barbara with growing fascination.

BARBARA
(finally)
Tom tells me you're from Seattle.

LLOYD
Huh?

BARBARA
You work in Seattle.

Lloyd smiles at her, then returns to his food.

BECK
I guess you'll be going back there soon. After this case.

LLOYD
Seattle.

Beck forces a smile. Lloyd nods. Awkward silence returns.

BARBARA
Is that where you grew up?

LLOYD
Huh?

BARBARA
What part of the country are you from, Lloyd? Originally.

Lloyd points toward the ceiling. Barbara looks up, then looks at Beck. Beck gives her a "don't look at me" look. Barbara presses on.

(CONT'D)

160 **CONTINUED:** 160

BARBARA
North?

Lloyd nods, trying desperately to negotiate some peas on his fork that keep tumbling off. Unlike Beck, Barbara is finding his ingenuousness charming and warms even more to him. Lloyd seems to find her equally appealing.

(CONT'D)

160 **CONTINUED:** 160

BARBARA
I have some relatives near...
(looks up at ceiling)
... the North. What town?

LLOYD
Town?

BARBARA
I mean, where'd you grow up?

LLOYD
Grow up? Oh.
(smiles)
Ras Alhague.

BARBARA
Never heard of it. It must be pretty far north.

Lloyd nods, dislodging the peas from his fork. He watches them tumble into his casserole. So does Barbara and Beck.

LLOYD
Your little girl...

BARBARA
Juliet.

LLOYD
She's very pretty.

BECK
Takes after her mom.

BARBARA
(shyly)
Tommy...

LLOYD
Do you love her?

Beck and Barbara exchange glances again -- Is he for real?

BECK
Yeah, I love her. Whatsamatter, don't F.B.I. agents love their kids?

BARBARA
(to Lloyd)
He doesn't mean to raise his voice, Lloyd

(CONT'D)

160 **CONTINUED:** 160

BECK
Yes I do! I love that little girl in there and her mother, and they love me and they need me. And that's what's important in this world. You follow?

LLOYD
(considers it)
That's what's important...

BECK
Aw, gimme a break, will you.

Barbara puts her arms around Beck to cool him down, strokes his hair.

BECK
Listen. Since we're playing twenty questions, what about you? You married?

LLOYD
(looks up from peas)
I was.

BECK
Divorced?

LLOYD
She's dead.

Beck looks stricken. Barbara too. Lloyd puts down his fork, giving up on the peas. He just stares at his plate for a moment, then --

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Her and my... little girl... were murdered by the man who killed my partner.

This new bit of info really puts a damper on things.

BARBARA
I'm sorry.

Neither Beck nor Barbara feels like finishing their dinner. They watch Lloyd pick up his beer can and drain the contents.

CUT TO:

161 **INT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT** 161

STRIPPERS in the middle of their act. ROCK AND ROLL BLASTS. Whistling, cheers, laughing from the CROWD. Jonathan, drink in hand, watches the girls with a smile. One in particular catches his eye -- BRENDA LEE VAN BUREN.

162 **CLOSER ANGLE: JONATHAN** 162

He's not aware of how deathly he's beginning to look. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO a SMALL POOL OF BLOOD on the bar dripping off his tape-wrapped arm. PAN DOWN CONTINUES to the duffel beside him. The tip of a gun barrel GLINTS out from it.

The BARTENDER passes, glancing at Jonathan. Stops.

BARTENDER
Hey, buddy, d'you feel okay?

Jonathan looks over, not wanting to take his eyes off the girls.

JONATHAN
Huh?

BARTENDER
Do you feel all right? You look kinda pasty.

Jonathan looks himself over, again like someone checking that his clothes are okay.

JONATHAN
I'm fine.

He shoves his empty glass at the bartender. Even Jonathan's hand is grey. He stares at it, then looks back up at the strippers -- and Brenda Lee in particular.

163 **BRENDA LEE** 163

in the midst of her routine, pulling off a revealing bit of clothing as the music rocks. She's a knockout.

CUT TO:

164 **OMITTED** 164

165 OMITTED 165

166 **HEADLIGHTS SHINE INTO CAMERA** 166

as a black and white patrol car turns into the STRIP JOINT STREET. It cruises past several cars. Then the SPOTLIGHT SHINES onto the Ferrari.

CUT TO:

167 **INT. BECK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 167

The PHONE RINGS. Beck sits up in bed, shirtless.

BECK
(answers)
Yeah?...
(suddenly alert)
Where?

Barbara sighs -- there goes her lover for the night.

168 **INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT** 168

Lloyd lies across the bed in his suit. In the dark. The door opens. Light floods in. Lloyd squints at Beck in the doorway.

BECK
They found the Ferrari. You feel all right?

Lloyd sits up weakly. He doesn't look very well.

BECK
(the jewish mother)
Here. I brought you some Alka Seltzer.

Beck hands Lloyd a glass of water and two alka seltzers. Lloyd stares at the two white disks. Then takes a bite out of one.

BECK
(exasperated)
It's alka seltzer! Jesus, man. Drop them in the water and drink it, and let's get the hell out of here.

Lloyd drops the alka seltzer in the water. It fizzes, which seems to fascinate him.

LLOYD
Drink it.

BECK
Lloyd. As your friend. Stay away from alcohol.

CUT TO:

169 **INT. BRENDA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT** 169

More like a small closet. Brenda is brushing her hair. Wearing a silk robe and not much more. The door opens behind her. Jonathan appears in Brenda's mirror. He looks almost like a ghost. But she's used to creeps.

BRENDA
Oh Christ.

She turns. Jonathan moves into the room with the duffel.

BRENDA
Show's over, mister, hold it right there.
(calls outside)
Robby!
(sees his arm)
Jesus! What happened to your arm?

(CONT'D)

169 **CONTINUED:** 169

Jonathan suddenly lunges forward and grabs her by the throat.

CUT TO:

170 **EXT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT** 170

SQUAD CARS, DETECTIVES and COPS with GUNS & SHOTGUNS are assembling outside the club. Others drive up.

Brenda exits, wearing a very sexy outfit and a lightweight coat, and carrying a DANCER'S BAG. The TWO COPS by the door give her a healthy once-over and wave her by. The entire squad of cops momentarily switch focus from the crisis at hand to the wiggle of her ass as Brenda crosses the street, toward the Ferrari.

A SCREAM

from inside Charlie's Place. Cops rush into the joint.

171 **ANOTHER JOINT ACROSS THE STREET** 171

TWO DRUNKS exit the joint. Both in their thirties, both losers. They see the street lit up by the flashing red lights of the cop cars and stagger back.

FIRST DRUNK
Holy shit! Hey Officers, we didn't do nothing.

Just then, Brenda sashays by.

SECOND DRUNK
Whoa.
(elbows friend)
Check that out!

FIRST DRUNK
Hey, baby, where you going? I thought the show was inside.

Brenda continues past, without response. Both drunks watch her for a moment, then --

FIRST DRUNK
I'll be right back.

The two drunks exchange a look. The first drunk winks. The second drunk smiles, pats his friend on the back.

SECOND DRUNK
Go get her.

FIRST DRUNK
(calls to Brenda)
Yo, baby!

172 **BRENDA** 172

pauses by the Ferrari. She looks back at the cops massed on the street. They're obviously watching the car.

The First Drunk comes up behind her.

FIRST DRUNK
Hey, honey, what's your hurry.
The night's still young.

Brenda stares at the cops for a moment. Then turns to the drunk. The drunk just stares at her breasts.

FIRST DRUNK (CONT'D)
You're name's Brenda, right?
Yeah, right, I've seen you before.
You're the best, Brenda. Say...
(looks over shoulder)
... if you're not busy right
now...
(smiles)
You like cars? I got a great car.
It's parked around the corner.
Whaddaya say?

Brenda smiles and we --

CUT TO:

173 **AN 8 X 10 PHOTOGRAPH** 173

of Brenda Lee Van Buren. Smiling.

174 **INT. BRENDA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT** 174

Lloyd is looking at the photo of Brenda. He still seems a bit woozy. Beck is examining Jonathan's body which is as white as a sheet. Cops and detectives, including Willis, crowd the room.

WILLIS
Looks like he bled to death.

BECK
Very acute, Willis. I'm glad all
that time you put in at the morgue
is paying off. Only problem is,
I don't see any wounds. When's
the coroner gonna get here?

A young POLICEMAN enters, holding a glass of water. Moves to Lloyd.

(CONT'D)

174 **CONTINUED:** 174

POLICEMAN
Here's some aspirin, sir. Beck said I should give them to you.

Lloyd takes the aspirin from the policeman, unsure what to do next. The Policeman isn't sure he should offer to explain. Then Lloyd figures it out -- he pops the aspirin into the water. No fizz. The Policeman looks at Lloyd.

POLICEMAN
Probably good to dissolve them before they get into your stomach, I guess. Right, sir?

Lloyd suddenly realizes what he should have done. He smiles, nods, then quickly drinks the glass of water.

175 **EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT** 175

A CADILLAC is parked on the deserted street. It GENTLY ROCKS.

FIRST DRUNK (O.S.)
(inside car)
Oh baby... Oh baby!... OH BABY!

The sexual activity inside the car causes the rocking to increase to a definite BOUNCE. A tone of panic cuts the ecstasy in the First Drunk's voice.

FIRST DRUNK
Easy, baby... Hey, Brenda, take it easy now! BRENDA!

The car is beginning to HEAVE, like it's caught in an earthquake of every increasing amplitude. The Drunk's voice becomes garbled, hysterical, pained, as the Cadillac is almost jumping up and down off the street.

Then it stops. The bucking car. The voice of the drunk.

A moment later, the DRIVER'S DOOR OPENS and the BODY OF THE DRUNK, his pants down around his ankles, is chucked out of the car.

176 **CLOSER ANGLE: CADILLAC** 176

Brenda sits up in the driver's seat with the DRUNK'S WALLET. She goes through it, CARDS AND PICTURES falling by the wayside, pulls out the cash, tosses the wallet away.

Brenda looks in the mirror. She likes what she sees -- this new, top-of-the-line body. She examines herself, her breasts, with fascination.

Then she guns the ignition, switches on the radio loud, finds a good rock 'n roll station. Party time. The Caddy screeches off in a cloud of rubber.

CUT TO:

177 **INT. OUTSIDE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT** 177 *

Beck comes out and joins Sanchez who waits with LIZ, the other stripper, still wearing a teddy and heels. She's been crying.

SANCHEZ
She found the body. I caught her trying to leave.

BECK
That'd be a big mistake, miss. In that outfit, you're a lot safer with us.

Beck's pleasantry isn't much, but it makes Liz smile. Beck returns the smile. Willis exits the dressing room, heads toward the bar.

BECK
Okay now. Tell me what you saw.

LIZ
I saw Brenda walk out. Then I walked in. There was this guy on the floor. I screamed, and the cops ran in.

BECK
(motions toward Jonathan)
You ever seen him before?

LIZ
Never.

BECK
You're sure about that?

Lloyd comes out of the dressing room with Brenda's photograph.

LLOYD
Beck...

LIZ
Listen, I know Brenda. No way she had anything to do with this.

BECK
(to Lloyd)
Well, at least the sonofabitch is dead.

(CONT'D)

177 **CONTINUED:** 177

Lloyd holds the photo up for Beck who snatches it, looks it over.

LLOYD
We have to find her.

BECK
You're not serious.
(Lloyd nods)
Don't tell me *she's* part of this.

Willis returns from the bar area.

WILLIS
Guess what? We got another body. Outside.

Beck looks at Lloyd, then heads for the bar.

CUT TO:

178 **EXT. STREET NEAR CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT** 178

The CORONER, who looks like he could be your friendly supermarket butcher, and his Assistant, carries the Drunk's body past Beck, Lloyd, Willis and Sanchez toward his van.

CORONER
Busy night, huh, Beck. Gettin' a little crowded in my van.

Beck motions to Lloyd to follow him.

SANCHEZ
(to a Policeman)
Get a make on the stolen car and put an APB out on it right away.

Beck heads back toward Charlie's Place. Lloyd with him. CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM.

BECK
How many is it now... Four people dead. Not including Miller, who dies because he runs out of blood. And then, this is the part I really like, some stripper screws some guy to death, steals his car, and decides to go, what? For a nightcap? And all this in...
(MORE)

(CONT'D)

178 **CONTINUED:** 178

BECK (Cont'd)
(looks at watch)
...a sum total of fourteen hours. Definitely a full program.
(stops; looks at Lloyd)
Am I crazy, or does this all seem a little bizarre?

Lloyd hesitates for a moment as he looks at the slightly crazed Beck, then --

LLOYD
It seems a little bizarre.

BECK
I knew that. I just wanted to make sure you knew that.

CUT TO:

179 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT** 179

Factories. Warehouses. Loft buildings. Not much traffic this time of night. The Cadillac cruises past an intersection doing thirty. CAMERA HOLDS ON INTERSECTION as HEADLIGHTS come toward camera. The headlights turn to follow the Cadillac -- it's a BLACK AND WHITE.

180 **INT. BLACK AND WHITE - NIGHT** 180

TWO COPS. The Cadillac can be seen through the windshield, about a dozen car lengths ahead.

COP #1
(into mike)
This is car 183. We've got the Cadillac, license 1C3 476. Suspect heading east on Sixth Street.

CUT TO:

181 **EXT. CHARLIE'S PLACE - NIGHT** 181

Lloyd dashes to his Porsche, jumps in. Beck runs after him.

BECK
You sure you can drive?

LLOYD
Get in.

(CONT'D)

181 **CONTINUED:** 18

The engine roars to life. Beck gets in. The Porsche shoots off down the street like a rocket.

CUT TO:

182 **INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT** 18

Brenda behind the wheel. She SEES the black and white in the REAR VIEW MIRROR, hits the gas. The black and white's LIGHT BAR flashes. The SIREN kicks in.

183 **EXT. 7TH STREET - NIGHT** 183

The Cadillac speeds by, followed by the black and white.

184 **INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT** 18

Brenda steers with one hand, unzips the garment bag with the other. Inside, the weapons Miller stole from Anchor Imports: a MOSSBERG SHOTGUN, a REGULAR SHOTGUN, the STEYER AR and a STEYER PISTOL, along with boxes of various caliber AMMUNITION. Brenda glances back in the rear view mirror again. Smiles.

185 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT** 18

The Cadillac JAMS ON THE BRAKES and SKIDS TO A STOP in middle of the street. The police car lays down rubber before STOPPING two car lengths behind the Cadillac. The two Cops swing open their doors and take cover behind them.

COP #1
Step out of the car slowly. Keep your hands where I can see them.

The Cadillac door opens and Brenda steps out. Hands on hips, pelvis thrust forward, tongue wetting her crimson red lips for the boys in black.

186 **EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT** 186

COP #1
It's gonna be one of those nights.

187 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT** 187

Brenda reaches back into the car, whips out the SHOTGUN, levels it at the police car, and BLASTS AWAY.

188 **INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT** 188

The cops dive into the car. Glass flies.

189 **EXT. POLICE CAR** 189

Hit by FOUR ROUNDS. Radiator exploding. Tires exploding.

Cop #1 grabs the shotgun and peers over the door just in time to see Brenda open up again. They duck back down. Brenda empties TWO MORE ROUNDS into the black and white. Then gets back into the Cadillac and roars off as the TWO COPS FIRE AFTER HER.

190 **INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT** 190

COP #1
Shit!
(into radio)
6A9. Officers need help. Shots fired. Suspect is armed and headed eastbound on Seventh.

CUT TO:

191 **THE PORSCHE** 191

roaring past the Two Cops with their shot-up black and white in the middle of the street. Steam blasting from the radiator. Pockmarked with holes. Windows blasted out.

192 **INT. PORSCHE** 192

Lloyd driving. Beck glances at the police car as they roar past. He can't believe it.

LLOYD
There she is.

Beck turns. SEES the rear lights of the Caddy a block ahead.

193 **INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT** 193

Brenda is looking in the rear view mirror. Watching the HEADLIGHTS OF THE PORSCHE rocket toward her. She floors the car.

194 **THE CADILLAC** 194

shoots forward.

195 **OMITTED** 19

196 OMITTED 19

197 INT. PORSCHE 197

Beck grips the door handle. He looks over at Lloyd, who floors the gas. Fast is one thing, but this is something else.

198 EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT 198*

Cadillac roars down the street. Porsche gaining rapidly. Pulling up behind.

Cadillac roars through a ROAD CONSTRUCTION AREA, sending CONES flying in every direction. Porsche, downshifting, staying a car length behind, also hitting cones.

Cadillac speeds down the street. Almost hitting a PASSING CAR. Passing car swerves. Porsche swerves, but stays right with the Cadillac.

199 INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT 199

Beck desperately tries to fasten his seat belt as he pulls out his .9mm.

200 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT 200

Brenda picks up the Steyer pistol from the garment bag. Opens the window. Suddenly slows down.

The Porsche swerves, comes up alongside. Brenda shoves the gun out the window.

201 PORSCHE AND CADILLAC 201

Beck ducks. Lloyd slams on the brakes. The pistol explodes. FIRING three rapid-fire rounds. TWO of which HIT THE PORSCHE'S WINDSHIELD. Neither man is hit.

Brenda smiles. Speeds ahead again.

202 INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT 202

BECK
Goddamn that bitch!

Beck leans out the window, takes aim, FIRES SIX ROUNDS into the BACK OF THE CADILLAC.

203 **INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT** 203

Brenda ducks and swerves as the BULLETS COME CRASHING IN THRU THE REAR WINDOW. REAR VIEW MIRROR SHATTERING, FRONT WINDSHIELD HIT, BACK OF FRONT SEAT HIT, GLOVE COMPARTMENT FLIES OPEN.

6th STREET 204*

The Cadillac swerves off of Broadway onto 6th, then swerves down an ALLEY. Porsche follows right behind. Beck ducks back inside the Porsche.

ALLEY 205*

The Cadillac races through the alley. It hits a BONFIRE surrounded by STREET PEOPLE. The Street People scatter. Porsche shoots through the fire in pursuit.

The Cadillac SIDESWIPES A DUMPSTER, spewing trash. Porsche hits the trash, sends it flying.

7TH STREET A206*

The Cadillac shoots out of the alley and SWERVES A LEFT. Porsche does the same.

Beck leans out the window, fires THREE MORE ROUNDS AT THE CADILLAC. He KNOCKS OUT A TAIL LIGHT. The CADILLAC'S TRUNK POPS OPEN.

206 **INT. PORSCHE** 206

Beck ducks back in.

BECK
Goddammit!

Lloyd looks at Beck.

LLOYD
Why don't you try for one of the tires?

BECK
You think this is easy? Why don't you try for one of the goddamn tires!

LLOYD
Hold the wheel.

BECK
What?

(CONT'D)

206 **CONTINUED:** 206

LLOYD
Hold the wheel!

BECK
Are you crazy?

Lloyd pulls his gun, leans out the window, keeping his foot on the gas. Aims. The Porsche SWERVES WILDLY. Beck grabs desperately for the wheel.

(CONT'D)

206 **CONTINUED:** 206

BECK
Get back in here, you're gonna kill us!

Lloyd fires. Methodically.

207 **THE REAR FENDER** 207

of the Cadillac is hit once, right near the tire.

208 **EXT. STREET- NIGHT** 208

The two cars race down the street. Lloyd leaning out the Porsche window, both hands steadying his gun. Beck fights to control the steering wheel from the passenger seat.

209 thru 210 **OMITTED** 2 t

211 **LLOYD** 21

concentrates, FIRES again.

212 **THE REAR TIRE** 21

EXPLODES. The Cadillac SPINS out of control.

213 **EXT. MANNEQUIN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 21

The Cadillac weaves across the street. Brenda fights to control the car. It bangs up the curb, MOWS DOWN A CHAIN LINK FENCE and CRASHES THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW of a mannequin warehouse. PLASTER BODY PARTS fly.

The Porsche skids to a stop.

BECK
You are nuts! If you ever pull another stunt like that...

(CONT'D)

213 **CONTINUED:** 213

Lloyd gets out and walks toward the broken showroom window. not paying any attention to Beck who gets out and follows. Only one thing is on Lloyd's mind: get Brenda!

BECK (CONT'D)
... All my Goddamn years on the force I have never seen anyone...

Lloyd moves up against the building, clicking back the cylinder on his gun. Beck moves up next to him.

BECK (CONT'D)
... do something as stupid as that.

LLOYD
If you could hit what you were aiming at, I wouldn't've had to do the shooting.

BECK
Hey! If you could drive better...

Lloyd moves quickly beside the broken window. Beck glares after him. Lloyd peers cautiously into the window.

214 **HIS P.O.V. - INT. WAREHOUSE SHOWROOM** 214

What was once a lifelike display of high fashion mannequins is now a heap of broken body parts and SHATTERED GLASS all over the place. And in the midst of the mess, the SMASHED UP CADILLAC. No sign of Brenda.

215 **LLOYD** 215

turns to Beck.

LLOYD
I'm going in.

BECK
I'll cover you.

LLOYD
I think I'd be safer if you didn't.

Beck just stares at Lloyd. A beat, then --

LLOYD
All right, cover me.

BECK
No, it's okay. You don't want me to cover you, fine, whatever you want.

215 **CONTINUED:** 215

LLOYD
I want you to cover me.

BECK
Bullshit.

LLOYD
I do.

BECK
Forget it. You're the hot shot, you don't need me.

LLOYD
Please, will you cover me?

Beck hesitates for a moment, then clicks back the hammer on his gun...

BECK
Maybe.

Lloyd can't help a small smile, then he ENTERS quickly through the broken window.

216 **INT. MANNEQUIN SHOWROOM - NIGHT** 216

Lloyd moves up behind a group of dummies. Beck covers. Ahead, the Cadillac. Nothing moves.

LLOYD
Okay.

Lloyd moves up to the Cadillac, ducking down behind it. Looks at Beck, who nods. Then Lloyd spins quickly, aiming into the passenger side of the car. Beck runs over, aiming into the driver's side.

It's empty. Except for several spent casings and a couple pistols. Suddenly A CLANK from somewhere toward the back of the warehouse. They look. Beck points toward the warehouse door. They go through the door.

A217 INT. MANNEQUIN WAREHOUSE A217*

Lloyd and Beck move through the warehouse carefully. Past ROW UPON ROW OF MANNEQUINS: male, female, children, babies in mid-scream, some headless, armless, bald. They look down one aisle, move to the next. Guns ready. But still no sign of Brenda. They move to another aisle. Still nothing.

Somewhere a HINGE CREAKS. Beck turns just as Brenda moves onto --

217 **A METAL STAIRWAY LANDING ABOVE THEM** 217

Brenda is a walking armory -- AR slung over her shoulder, .357 and ammo in coat pockets, riot shotgun in hand. She opens up with the SHOTGUN.

218 **BECK AND LLOYD** 218

dive for cover as the shotgun blasts smash in around them, PULVERIZING MANNEQUINS. Beck looks up from behind a pile of plaster bodies. *

219 **BECK'S P.O.V. - BRENDA** 219

laughing and emptying the shotgun at them.

220 **BECK** 220

has to duck as a shotgun blasts DISMEMBERS SEVERAL MORE DUMMIES. He is really starting to get pissed off.

BECK
What the hell is going on?!

The shotgun stops -- empty. Beck pops up, fires at Brenda. Lloyd also opens up.

221 **ANGLE: BRENDA** 221

TWO BULLETS CRASH INTO BRENDA'S CHEST, knocking her back against the wall. She looks at the two blackened bullet holes in her blouse. SMOKE comes out of them. Then, as if they were only scratches, she unshoulders the AR and opens up again.

222 **INT. WAREHOUSE** 222

Beck and Lloyd duck again. MORE MANNEQUINS BLASTED to dummy heaven. Beck can't quite believe what he's just seen.

Lloyd fires back. But she just turns and pours lead in Lloyd's direction until the AR EMPTIES. She turns, moves toward a door.

Beck aims and fires. TWO BULLETS HITS BRENDA IN THE BACK. But she's still going. Unfazed. Out the doorway to the stairway. * *

BECK
(sotto)
P.C.P. Must be on P.C.P.

Lloyd is immediately on his feet and following. Beck is a little slower. Trying to put together some kind of rational explanation for what he's just witnessed.

Lloyd is already moving up the METAL STAIRWAY. Beck follows.

223 thru 225 OMITTED 223 thr 22

226 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL 226

Brenda slaps a new clip into the AR. Laughs.

She slings the AR over her shoulder again and heads up toward the roof. Leaving behind a glistening trail of blood.

227 OMITTED 22

INT. METAL STAIRWAY LANDING A228

Lloyd gets to the stairway doorway, gun ready. Beck six steps behind him. Lloyd kicks open the doorway.

228 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL 228

Lloyd peers into the stairwell. Doesn't see Brenda. He enters. Sees the trail of blood leading up the stairs. Touches it, sniffs it. Beck appears at the door.

BECK
(whispers)
She's losing a lot of blood. She can't stay conscious much longer.

LLOYD
We have to get to her before she dies.

BECK
Hey, I got an idea. Why don't we wait till after.

Lloyd follows the blood up the stairs. Slowly. Gun pointed ahead of him. Beck goes with him. Gun out, ready to fire.

Suddenly a GUN SHOT from above. ECHOING in the stairwell. Lloyd and Beck stop. Listening. Then we HEAR a DOOR open. Lloyd breaks into a run. Taking the stairs two by two. Beck follows.

They round another floor landing. Continuing up.

A229 INT. ROOF STAIRWELL STRUCTURE A229

Lloyd comes up to a stop near the roof door, gun out. Beck stops behind him.

Lloyd moves very cautiously up the last few steps. Reaches the top landing. Looks at the AR-shattered door knob of the ROOF DOOR. Lloyd motions for Beck to come up.

Beck moves to the other side of the door, positions himself ready to fire, then nods to Lloyd. Lloyd pushes the door.

229 EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT 229

The roof door opens and Lloyd looks out carefully, checking the side of the stairwell structure. It is clear.

230 LONGER ANGLE: ROOFTOP 230

An eerie landscape of vents and skylights. Tall buildings all around. A flashing old NEON SIGN on the northwest face casts a strange light across the roof. No sign of Brenda.

231 EXT. STAIRWELL STRUCTURE 231

Lloyd moves carefully across to the north side of the stairwell structure to check it out as Beck covers him. No Brenda.

232 SKYLIGHT 232

Brenda leaning against it. Listening. Breathing hard. Pale beneath her make-up. In the b.g., we can see the stairwell structure with Beck and Lloyd. She readies the AR.

233 STAIRWELL STRUCTURE 233

Lloyd looks back at Beck. Motions for him to check out the south edge of the roof, while he checks out the west edge. We can now see there are EIGHT IDENTICAL SKYLIGHT STRUCTURES on the roof, any one of which Brenda could be behind.

234 BECK 234

runs to the south edge, partially coverred by a skylight. He HEARS DISTANT SIRENS, looks over the edge to check out thee fire escape.

235 **BECK'S P.O.V.** 235

of the fire escape and streets five floors down. Looking around, he sees DISTANT POLICE CARS racing toward the warehouse.

236 **BECK** 236

turns away. He doesn't like heights. He looks back at Lloyd, who is checking out the roof near the neon sign.

237 **EXT. BUILDING ROOF** 237

Brenda steps out from behind the skylight structure, AR BLAZING. Firing from the hip at Lloyd. BULLETS SPARK OFF the

[illegible] BRENDA'S ARM. She turns, FIRES at Beck. Lloyd scrambles out and retrieves his gun.

A BULLET GRAZES BECK'S LEFT SHOULDER, knocking him back, over the edge of the building. He throws his good hand around a pipe at the last instant.

238 **ANGLE OVER SIDE OF WAREHOUSE** 238

Beck dangles from one hand. Five floors above the ground. His wounded arm too painful to pull him up. He glances down. Scared. POLICE CARS converging below.

239 **BRENDA** 239

walks toward Beck. Looks down at him. He's practically wetting his pants. She aims the AR at him. Smiles.

BRENDA

Bye.

But before she can pull the trigger, ANOTHER GUNSHOT RINGS OUT, catching Brenda in the back.

240 **ANGLE OVER SIDE OF WAREHOUSE** 240

Beck looks in disbelief as the BULLET PASSES THROUGH BRENDA and EXPLODES OUT OF HER CHEST, knocking the AR out of her hands. But, instead of killing her, it only seems to anger her. She turns as ANOTHER BULLET BARELY MISSES HER, pulls the STEYER PISTOL out of her jacket pocket, FIRES and runs.

241 **BECK** 241

is incredulous! He hears SOUNDS OF A GUN BATTLE O.S. He can't hold on much longer - his grip is giving way. He looks down. He will die if he falls. He hears FOOTSTEPS RUNNING TOWARD HIM.

(CONT'D)

241 CONTINUED: 241

Beck looks up. Who will it be? Brenda or Lloyd? Beck looks around quickly for some escape. There is none. Then a HAND REACHES DOWN AND PULLS HIM UP. Lloyd.

BECK
(intense relief)
Thank you, God.

242 EXT. BUILDING ROOF 242

Lloyd pulls Beck back onto the roof. Beck falls on his wounded arm. Groans. Looks around quickly.

Lloyd snaps ANOTHER CLIP in his automatic and is up and moving. Back toward Brenda, who is heading for the stairwell door. She is in very weakened shape, has at least TEN GUNSHOT WOUNDS IN HER.

Lloyd moves rapidly toward her, FIRING, cutting off her path to the door. Knocking her down to her knees. Her pistol goes skidding away from her. There's not much life left in her.

Beck watches, tries to move. Pain from the wound in his shoulder. He grimaces, then stops, staring in disbelief as Brenda slowly starts to stand again.

Lloyd takes out a PALM SIZED WEAPON - it looks like a pistol. But it's all of one piece and shiny silver. Smooth. Like no pistol we've ever seen.

243 OMITTED 24

244 BRENDA'S EYES 244

see the weapon.

245 HER P.O.V. OF LLOYD 245

Aiming the weapon at her. But waiting.

246 ROOFTOP 246

Brenda recognizes the weapon. And for the first time there's fear in her face. With renewed strength, she moves back, toward the edge of the building where the neon sign is.

Lloyd pursues calmly, single-mindedly. Weapon aimed.

Brenda stops near the neon sign. Lloyd holds thhe weapon aimed at her. Waiting.

247
thru
253 OMITTED

247
thru
253

254 **BRENDA** 254

smiles weekly.

BRENDA
You think it's over now, don't you?
(strangled laugh)
You're wrong. I'm not coming out yet. I'll kill you first.

And with that, she turns, leaps, CRASHES THROUGH THE NEON SIGN and THROWS HERSELF OVER THE ROOF.

255 **SLOW MOTION - EXT. WAREHOUSE** 255

Brenda SAILS over the building, along with bits neon tubing from the SPARKING BROKEN SIGN, toward the alley - FALLING five floors. CRASHING, with a dull thud onto the dark, wet asphalt.

256 **ROOFTOP** 256

Lloyd stares down over the edge, weapon in hand.

257 **LLOYD'S POV: THE ALLEY BELOW** 257

Brenda is in a darkened alley, partially hidden behind trash cans. Not a clear shot.

258 **ROOFTOP** 258

Lloyd turns, just as FOUR SWAT TEAM MEMBERS race out of the stairwell door. Lloyd races past them, down the stairwell stairs. Beck stands, weakly.

BECK
She jumped. It's over.

259 **EXT. MANNEQUIN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 259

Black and white units arriving. Red and blue lights flashing.

MASTERSON'S STATION WAGON pulls up at the scene. Masterson is fresh from a workout, in a JOGGING SUIT, a TOWEL around his neck. His pet DOG, ROY, clambers in the seat beside him. Masterson opens the door. The dog leaps out, runs around the corner.

MASTERSON
ROY! Goddam it! Somebody get my dog.

Masterson heads after Roy. Willis joins him, WALKIE in hand.

MASTERSON
What's the situation, Willis?

WILLIS
Broad just jumped. Around the back.

260 ROY 260

scampers right through the police lines to --

261 EXT. ALLEY 261

Roy slowly approaches Brenda's body. Lying lifeless and bloody. The dog moves in cautiously, sniffing the air. It moves right up to Brenda, sniffing her hair matted with blood.

Suddenly Brenda's hand SHOOTS OUT, GRABBING THE DOG AROUND THE NECK. The dog yelps.

262 INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL 262

Lloyd races down the stairs.

263 EXT. MANNEQUIN WAREHOUSE 263

Masterson, Willis and 6 cops hurry toward the alley.

The dog stands by the ALLEY ENTRANCE, sullen. Masterson goes to the dog as Willis and 4 of the Cops hurry past toward Brenda's body.

MASTERSON
(spanks Roy)
Bad!

Roy snaps at Masterson's hand, nearly taking a finger off. Masterson is shocked -- the dog has never snapped before.

Lloyd runs past Masterson, space weapon out, toward Brenda.

264 OMITTED 264*

265 EXT. ALLEY 265

Willis is examining Brenda's body. Lloyd holds his space weapon in his pocket as he rushes toward them. Lloyd looks at the body. Dead eyes stare up at him.

WILLIS
Show's over, babe. She's dead.

Lloyd's whole body sags -- he's too late. Lloyd looks quickly at Willis, the cops.

265 CONTINUED: 265

LLOYD
(frantic)
Who was here? Did you see anybody leave?

WILLIS
What are you talking about?

Masterson comes over. Lloyd looks in his eyes. Masterson looks back at him like he's crazy. Willis indicates the guy's flipped. Then nods toward the body.

WILLIS
She's dead, Lieutenant. Some night, huh.

Lloyd slams his hand against a dumpster in frustration.

266 ROY 266

is being led by a Cop back toward the station wagon. The dog suddenly pulls up short, turns his head back, stares at Lloyd. Gives the alien tongue look.

267 LLOYD, ROY'S POV 267

Lloyd's face is a picture of total despair.

CUT TO:

268 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANNEQUIN FACTORY - NIGHT 268

A BLACK BODY BAG is being loaded into the CORONER'S VAN by the Coroner and his Assistant. Lloyd and Beck walk past with a PARAMEDIC. A sling and temporary bandage already on Beck's shoulder.

CORONER
It's none of my business, but that lady has about fifteen bullet holes in her. You must really get a kick out of making my job miserable, Beck.

BECK
Is she dead?

CORONER
Dead, her with the fifteen bullets? Course not. She wanted me to ask if you were free for dinner.

Beck and Lloyd walk toward a waiting AMBULANCE.

268 CONTINUED: 268

CORONER (Cont'd)
(to assistant)
Is she dead? That's good, is she dead?

Beck looks at Lloyd as they reach --

269 THE REAR OF THE AMBULANCE 269

BECK
Is she?

A beat, then --

LLOYD
She is.

BECK
But it's not over.

Lloyd shakes his head.

BECK
We gotta talk.

PARAMEDIC
We should really take care of that.

BECK
Two minutes.

The Paramedic goes. Beck takes Lloyd aside.

BECK
I want an explanation.

LLOYD
I don't think an explanation will help.

BECK
I don't care what you think. I've worked homicide thirteen years, and there's very few situations I haven't seen. You know what's going on here, and I don't. So how about you fill me in, okay? No FBI bullshit. Just talk to me.

Lloyd hesitates, then

(CONT'D)

269 CONTINUED: 26

LLOYD
An explanation won't help.

BECK
Let me decide that.
(beat)
Look, Lloyd. I know you just saved my life, but I swear to God, you don't give me some answers, you're gonna spend time thinkin' up a few at city expense.

LLOYD
I'm sorry...

Lloyd turns to go. Beck puts a hand on him to stop him.

BECK
Hey!

LLOYD
(turns back to Beck)
Who I'm after is still out there. I don't know who he is this time, but now he knows I'm after him. I have to find him before he finds me.

Lloyd goes. Leaving one very frustrated and angry Beck behind.

BECK
Lloyd! Don't do this!

Lloyd keeps going. Willis comes over to Beck.

WILLIS
You okay, Tommy?

BECK
(to Lloyd)
I'm warning you, Lloyd. Get your ass back here!

No response.

BECK (CONT'D)
Lloyd... Please...

Lloyd continues on toward his Porsche. Beck bangs the ambulance door in frustration.

(CONT'D)

269 CONTINUED: 269

BECK
(to Willis)
Bust him.

Willis looks at Beck, incredulous.

270 EXT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - NIGHT 270

Lloyd has just started his Porsche when Willis comes over and knocks on the window. Lloyd rolls down the window.

WILLIS
You're under arrest, Lloyd.

Lloyd stares at Willis in disbelief. Willis pulls his gun.

WILLIS
Step out of the car.

Lloyd steps out of the car. Willis procedes to handcuff him. Lloyd looks back toward Beck.

271 EXT. REAR OF AMBULANCE - NIGHT 27

Beck looks at Lloyd, then turns his back on him and climbs into the back of the ambulance.

CUT TO:

272 INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION, POLICE STATION - NIGHT 27

Beck enters with a cup of water, opens a bottle of prescription pain-killers, using his sling hand, as he crosses to his desk. The other detective in the office, WOODFIELD, looks up from his desk.

WOODFIELD
Hey, Beck, heard you took one.
You okay?

Beck pops a pill into mouth and downs the water.

BECK
Just a scratch.

Then he picks up the phone, dials.

BECK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi, babe. Sorry to wake you...
No, I'm all right. It just grazed me.

(CONT'D)

272 **CONTINUED:** 272

The Detective gives him a look. Beck turns his back on him.

BECK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
No, I'm fine, really. Look, I'm gonna have to stay here for a little while longer... I'll be home as soon as I can... Okay, love you too.
(hangs up)

WOODFIELD
God, what a man.

BECK
Fuck you, Woodfield.

Beck gives him a look as Sanchez walks in carrying Lloyd's personal effects.

SANCHEZ
I hope you know what you're doing, man, busting an F.B.I.

BECK
Let me worry about it.

SANCHEZ
Okay. How's the arm?

WOODFIELD
It's just a scratch.

Sanchez looks over at the Woodfield, then back at Beck.

SANCHEZ
What's he, your press agent?
(Beck nods)
This is the stuff Lloyd had on him.

Sanchez dumps the stuff onto Beck's desk - wallet, pistol, keys, and the strange looking WEAPON. Beck picks it up.

BECK
What the hell is this?

SANCHEZ
Probably some new F.B.I. toy.

(CONT'D)

272 **CONTINUED:** 272

BECK
(hands gun to Sanchez)
You mind taking it down to the lab for me, have them look it over.

SANCHEZ
No problem.

Sanchez exits with Lloyd's weapon. Brem enters, dog tired.

BREM
I got the information you wanted. Seattle F.B.I. says Agent Lloyd Gallagher was killed in a hunting accident with a friend of his about a month ago. The friend, name of --
(checks paper)
Stone, Robert Stone -- they assumed was dead because they never did find his body. They figured it burned up in the fire.

BECK
What fire?

BREM
Gallagher and Stone were hunting in Olympic National Forest the week-end they had that big electrical storm, the one that burned off about five thousand acres.

BECK
(impatient)
Right, what else?

BREM
I had 'em wire us a picture of Robert Stone.

Brem hands Beck a WIRE-PHOTO of Stone. But it's the man we know as Lloyd.

BREM (CONT'D)
Apparently Mr. Stone has changed identities with his dead friend.

Beck stares at the photograph for a moment, feeling a little betrayed himself, then --

(CONT'D)

272 **CONTINUED:** 272

BECK
Well, call and tell 'em we've got their missing body, then find out how much time he's done in mental hospitals.

BREM
Can I go home now?

BECK
Yeah, beat it.

Brem starts to go.

BECK (CONT'D)
Hey, Brem.., Good work.

The hint of a smile crosses Brem's lips. And he's gone. Beck looks at the photo again and shakes his head.

BECK
Sonuvabitch.

CUT TO:

273 **INT. GUEST ROOM, MASTERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 273

Roy sits in the darkened room examining himself in a FULL LENGTH MIRROR. Doesn't particularly like what he sees. He HEARS the bedroom door open and immediately his ears perk up. He goes to the door and TURNS THE DOORKNOB WITH HIS PAW, opens the door a crack and looks out.

274 **ROY'S POV: INT. HALLWAY** 274

Masterson walks down the darkened hallway in his pajamas.

275 **INT. KITCHEN, MASTERSON'S HOUSE** 275

Masterson opens the refrigerator, rummages around, takes out an APPLE. He turns, takes a bite. It's a good, hard apple and makes a loud crack.

Suddenly, Roy CRASHES THROUGH THE OTHER, CLOSED KITCHEN DOOR, and lunges straight at Masterson's throat. Masterson is knocked backwards and CRACKS HIS HEAD against the edge of the open refrigerator. He goes down, FOOD raining down around him.

Roy inspects Masterson, who doesn't move. The dog puts his mouth over Masterson's.

CUT TO:

276 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAWN** 276

A JAILER leads Lloyd, hands cuffed behind him, across the office to Beck's desk. Beck is waiting.

BECK
Take off the cuffs.

The Jailer removes the handcuffs.

BECK
Sit.
(Lloyd sits)
We checked with the F.B.I. in Seattle. Lloyd Gallagher is dead. Your real name is Robert Stone. We're in the process of getting your files sent here. That's about all I know at this point, except your Porsche is stolen. But I can hardly be upset about that since you told me it was. So why don't you just take it from there.

Lloyd hesitates for a moment, then...

LLOYD
Who I am doesn't make any difference.

BECK
Don't tell me that, Lloyd, because you're in deep shit. Which is too bad, 'cause I was just starting to like you.

LLOYD
I was starting to like you too.

BECK
Look, goddamnit! I want to know why! Why it takes fifteen bullets to bring down some zoned out stripper. Why three law abiding citizens suddenly go crazy and start killing. I want answers. Now.

Lloyd is quiet for a long moment, then, very calmly --

LLOYD
All right. The stripper, Miller and DeVries are all the same person... And it's not human.

(CONT'D)

276 **CONTINUED:** 276

BECK
Uh-huh. Not human.

LLOYD
It's from another solar system. It's been moving around a lot, and now it's here on Earth. And I'm the only one who can kill it. How's that?

Beck is silent for a moment, then --

BECK
We're talking space man, right?
(Lloyd nods)
I just wanted to make sure I was getting it. Go on.

LLOYD
The way it works is, it kills something native to the planet it's on. Then it enters the body and and uses it to get around in. The only time it's vulnerable is when it's moving from one body to the next, which it does when the body it's in is too damaged to work anymore.

BECK
Go on.

LLOYD
I missed my chance to kill it when I missed the change over from the stripper. It found a new body and transferred before I got there.

BECK
So now you don't know who the space man is, right?

LLOYD
Right. But I don't have to look for it anymore. It knows I'm here now. And it'll come after me. I need my weapon, Beck. That's the only thing that can kill it.

(CONT'D)

276 **CONTINUED:** 276

BECK
Ah. I can see your problem.
(stands; paces)
So I guess this space man is the bad guy that killed your wife and partner, that you've been tracking for...

LLOYD
Nine years, your time.

BECK
Our time, is it?

LLOYD
(a beat)
I suppose a career in the police didn't really prepare you for this.

BECK
(smiles)
Oh yes, it did.

CUT TO:

277 **INT. JAIL CELL - DAY** 277

AS THE DOORS CLANG SHUT AGAIN ON LLOYD. Beck stands on the other side. Both men stare at each other for a moment, then --

BECK
We'll try again in a couple hours.

Beck turns and walks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

278 **EXT. BECK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING** 278

A PATROL CAR pulls up. Beck gets out. The car pulls away as Beck starts toward the house.

279 **EXT. FRONT PORCH - EARLY MORNING** 279

Barbara comes out the front door. Eyes red from crying. She looks in worse shape than Beck. Beck hurries to her, wraps his good arm around her, pulls her in to him. She starts crying again.

BECK
It's okay, baby.

(CONT'D)

279 **CONTINUED:** 279

BARBARA
Tommy...

BECK
I'm fine. It's just a little sore.

Beck gently wipes away her tears, kisses her. She holds on to him, knowing how close she'd come to not having him at all.

CUT TO:

280 **INT. BEDROOM, BECK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING** 280

Beck sits on the edge of the bed in his pajama bottoms. A large bandage covers his shoulder. Barbara closes the drapes.

BECK
Barbara... Do you think there's life on other planets?

BARBARA
(beat)
What kind of pain killers did they give you?

BECK
Serious question.

BARBARA
I don't know... I guess there could be. You always said there was.

BECK
I know, but... Just seemed like, all those stars up there, we shouldn't be the only ones.

BARBARA
Why do you ask?

BECK
Just thinking. No reason.
(gets under cover)
I gotta get some sleep.

Barbara tucks him in, kisses him.

BECK
I love you, babe. Thanks.

BARBARA
For what?

(CONT'D)

280 **CONTINUED:** 280

BECK
Being here.

BARBARA
(small smile)
I love you too.

Barbara leaves, shuts the door. Beck remains thinking, bothered by something.

CUT TO:

281 **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY** 281

Masterson is entering. ADLER and ANOTHER COP are just on their way out.

ADLER
Morning, Captain...

COP
Morning...

Masterson walks past without even looking at them. The two cops turn and look at Masterson disappearing through the door.

ADLER
What's eating him?

COP
I thought he wasn't coming in today.

Adler and Cop shrug, continue on their way

282 **INT. MAIN ENTRANCE, POLICE STATION** 282

Masterson walks through. Ignoring other POLICE PERSONNEL. Some of whom give him more than a passing stare. He pauses at a hallway intersection. Looks up one, down the other.

Ed Flynn, STADT and LOWE, two athletic types, and CAROL MILLER, pretty, very business-like, walk toward him down a hallway. Talking amongst themselves. Flynn sees Masterson.

FLYNN
(surprised)
John!

Masterson looks at him blankly. Flynn goes to Masterson.

FLYNN
I thought you were taking off today?

(CONT'D)

282 **CONTINUED:** 282

MASTERSON
(beat)
I have work to do.

Something strange about Masterson.

FLYNN
Right. Well...
(looks at his group)
Oh, sorry. This is Captain Masterson... Carol Miller, Senator Holt's assistant, and Special Agents Stadt and Lowe.

Everyone shakes hands with Masterson, who goes through the motion mechanically.

FLYNN
They're handling security for Senator Holt's speech today.

MASTERSON
(beat)
Holt...
(remembering newscast)
The man everyone applauds.

CAROL
(smiles)
We'd like to think so.

MASTERSON
Where's the speech?

FLYNN
The Biltmore. You know that.

Masterson smiles. Then turns and walks away. Leaving them all a little perplexed. Especially Ed.

283 **EXT. POLICE STATION - STREET - DAY** 283

CAR pulls up. Barbara behind the wheel.

BECK
I'll be home as soon as I finish up with Lloyd.
(kisses Barbara)
Love you.

Beck gets out.

284 **INT. POLICE LAB FIRING RANGE** 284

A LAB TECHNICIAN picks up Lloyd's strange weapon. Beside him, TAGGED for testing, are a LAWS ROCKET LAUNCHER, a MACHINE GUN, and SEVERAL GRENADES.

The Lab Tech examines the weapon, can't figure out how it works. Suddenly, a PIN POINT OF BLUE LIGHT streams from the gun, with a VERY HIGH PITCHED SOUND. WIND begins to blow around the room.

285 **INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOMICIDE** 285

Masterson stops. HEARS the faint HIGH PITCHED SOUND. He turns toward the sound...

286 **INT. JAIL CELL** 286

Lloyd also hears it. He stands, moves to the bars.

287 **INT. FIRING RANGE** 287

The Lab Tech holding the gun. The wall, hit by the blue beam, suddenly EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL OF FLAMES. DEBRIS BLOWN BACK. Hitting the Lab Tech. Knocking him down. The gun falls from his hand.

288 **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY** 288

Beck stops mid-way up the steps. EXPLOSION still rumbling from within. Then Beck starts up the steps double-time.

289 **INT. CORRIDOR NEAR FIRING RANGE** 289

Masterson moves along the corridor, toward the firing range. POLICEMEN run past him.

290 **INT. FIRING RANGE** 290

TWO COPS are helping lift the unconscious Lab Tech off the floor. Smoke and dust fill the room. The wall is on fire.

COP
Somebody get a fire extinguisher...

Cops run for extinguishers as the first two cops carry the Lab Tech out.

291 **THE WEAPON** 291

stays on the floor where it was dropped amid debris. A HAND reaches in and picks up the weapon. CAMERA PANS UP WITH HAND, REVEALING MASTERSON. He checks the weapon. Obviously familiar with it. He also picks up the LAWS rocket, machine gun and grenades. Then starts out just as several policemen enter with extinguishers.

291 **CONTINUED** 291

They start fighting the fire. Masterson disappears into the smoke.

292 **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOMICIDE** 292

Beck hurries past COPS and DETECTIVES toward homicide. Beck glances back over his shoulder and stops short.

Masterson comes toward him with the stolen weapons. Looking at every cop that runs past. Checking faces. He finally sees one he recognizes. Beck.

MASTERSON
Where's the other one?

BECK
What other one?

MASTERSON
The one you were with.

BECK
Lloyd? I locked him up. What the hell's going on here?

MASTERSON
I wanna talk to him.

Little buzzers are going off in Beck's head. Something isn't right.

BECK
John, are you all right?

MASTERSON
Where is he?

Beck sees Lloyd'd weapon sticking out of Masterson's pocket.

BECK
Where'd you get that?

Masterson sticks the machine gun in Beck's stomach.

MASTERSON
I already shot you once, I can hardly wait to do it again. Now take me to him.

Masterson takes Beck's gun and pushes him away from homicide, toward the firing range corridor. He's not concerned with concealing the weapon he's pointing at Beck.

293 **ANGLE: HALLWAY NEAR HOMICIDE** 293

UNIFORMED COPS move quickly past Beck and Masterson, one carrying a first aid kit. Beck tries to make eye contact, but no one notices. They continue down the hall. Another cop, ROBERTS, moves past, sees the machine gun. Stops.

ROBERTS
Beck?

Masterson continues past, not paying attention to Roberts.

ROBERTS
Captain Masterson...

BECK
He's gonna kill Lloyd!

ROBERTS
Who?

BECK
Stop him, for Christ's sake!

Masterson ignores Roberts, shoves Beck down the hall.

ROBERTS
What do you want me to do?

BECK
(hesitates)
Shoot him. I don't know.

Roberts follows them, not knowing what else to do.

ROBERTS
Captain, could you please stop and tell me what's going on?

Masterson turns, levels Beck's revolver at Roberts and FIRES. ROBERTS SLAMS AGAINST THE WALL and drops. Beck makes a move for the gun. But Masterson hits him hard in his wounded shoulder. Beck grabs his shoulder in pain. Masterson pushes him down the hall.

WILLIS (O.S.)
Tom!

Beck turns. Masterson shoves him forward.

294 **WILLIS & SANCHEZ** 294

are standing outside homicide, guns out and ready. They've seen what's happened, but don't know what to make of it.

(CONT'D)

294 CONTINUED: 294

BECK
Willis, stay back! He'll shoot.

WILLIS
But it's Masterson?

BECK
I don't think so.

SANCHEZ
(to Willis)
Has Masterson gone nuts? Or Beck?

Willis doesn't know the answer to that one.

295 CORRIDOR NEAR FIRING RANGE 295

Masterson and Beck turn into the corridor. Masterson glancing back over his shoulder. Pulling Beck alongside. Beck watches Masterson, waiting for a chance...

296 WILLIS AND SANCHEZ 296

follow, turning into the corridor. Willis first. He ducks into an OFFICE DOORWAY. Then Sanchez dashes into the doorway. Willis ducks into a DRINKING FOUNTAIN ALCOVE, then into an INTERSECTING CORRIDOR as Sanchez leap-frogs behind him.

297 CORRIDOR NEAR FIRING RANGE 297

Beck and Masterson move down the corridor. Beck waiting for the right moment. Watching Masterson. Glancing back at Willis and Sanchez.

Suddenly Beck moves. Slamming his elbow into Masterson's gut, knocking him off balance. And grabbing Lloyd's weapon!

BECK
WILLIS!

Beck dives to the floor with the weapon. Masterson regains balance, levels his machine gun on Beck.

298 WILLIS AND SANCHEZ 298

leap out of the intersecting corridor and FIRE first. HITTING MASTERSON IN THE LEG AND SHOULDER.

299 MASTERSON 299

is knocked back against the wall, then falls to the floor, bleeding from the shoulder and leg.

(CONT'D)

299 CONTINUED: 299

Willis and Sanchez don't know what to make of it, but they're not exactly glad they just shot their Captain.

SANCHEZ
Jesus... Get a first aid kit --

Willis runs back down the hall. Sanchez kneels beside Masterson. Opens his collar.

BECK
Sanchez, it's not Masterson! Watch out!

Sanchez can't believe Beck just said what he did. Then he feels a gun barrel against his stomach.

He looks down at Masterson who is looking up at him. Sanchez's eyes widen with shock. Masterson smiles and pulls the trigger of Beck's gun. Beck takes off down the corridor. And Sanchez falls over with a bullet in his stomach.

A300 STAIRWAY TO JAIL FLOOR A300

Beck runs down the stairway toward the jail. Cops run up and down the stairs. He grabs a COP running past with his BERETTA out.

BECK
Gimme your piece.

COP WITH BERETTA
What?!

BECK
Don't fuck with me! Gimme your piece!

The Cop gives Beck his Beretta. Beck runs out the door to the jail.

300 INT. JAIL ENTRANCE - DAY 300

Beck runs in and up to the counter where the JAILER and ASST. JAILER, both in TAN UNIFORMS, stand.

BECK
I need you to open 323.

JAILER
Beck, what the hell's going on?

(CONT'D)

300 **CONTINUED:** 300

BECK
I'll tell you later. Come on, let's go.

The Jailer takes out the keys for Lloyd's cell.

JAILER
You gotta check your piece.

BECK
(turns gun on Jailer)
Gimme the keys and open the goddam door.

The Jailer hits a switch and the lock on the entrance door CLICKS OPEN. Beck pushes the bars open.

BECK
If Masterson comes here, don't let him in. And stay out of his way.

JAILER
What?

301 **INT. JAIL** 301

Beck shuts the door behind him and runs down the MAIN CELL CORRIDOR. He turns down --

302 **ANOTHER CELL BLOCK** 302

to Lloyd's cell. A COUPLE OF PRISONERS in nearby cells watch.

(CONT'D)

302 CONTINUED: 302

PRISONERS
Hey, baby, open up! Let us out, man!

BECK
Here.

Beck hand Lloyd his weapon through the bars. Lloyd looks at Beck, cracks a hint of a smile.

LLOYD
Thanks.

BECK
(unlocking Lloyd's cell)
You're gonna need it. Space man's got Masterson now. He's been shot but...
(shrugs)
He's here, and he's looking for you. Let's go.

Beck opens Lloyd's cell door and the two men head toward the main corridor.

BECK
(stopping)
Masterson's dead, isn't he? The real one.

LLOYD
He's dead.

BECK
Just his body.
(Lloyd nods)
Christ...

303 INT. JAIL ENTRANCE 303

The Jailer can't believe what he's seeing: Masterson coming around the hallway carrying the MACHINE GUN, with the LAWS ROCKET slung behind his back. Bleeding from shoulder and leg wounds. But apparently unhurt. The Jailer glances at his Assistant, then comes around toward Masterson.

JAILER
Jesus! Lieutenant!

MASTERSON
Let me in.

JAILER
I'm sorry, sir. Beck told me not to --

Masterson tosses a GRENADE at the door. The Jailer leaps behind the counter. The grenade EXPLODES, BLOWING UP THE DOOR.

304 INT. MAIN CELL CORRIDOR 304

Beck and Lloyd see Masterson coming through the gaping hole blown in the door.

They run back toward the safety of Lloyd's cell block as Masterson spots them and FIRES at them with the machine gun. Beck FIRES BACK at Masterson, who FIRES AGAIN, WOUNDING LLOYD IN THE LEG. Beck and Lloyd dive into the cell block.

PRISONERS
Hey, man, is this a break out?
Let me out, too.

305 OMITTED 305

306 CELL BLOCK 306

Beck looks at Lloyd's bleeding leg.

BECK
You're hit!

LLOYD
I know.

BECK
You're bleeding.

Beck pulls off his tie to use as a tourniquet.

LLOYD
I'm all right.

MASTERSON (O.S.)
(calling)
Alhague!

BECK
(looks at Lloyd)
Alhague.

MASTERSON
(calling)
Before I kill you, I'm curious.
How did you find me?

LLOYD
You left an angry partner half dead on Altair.
(to Beck)
Shoot him!

MASTERSON
A mistake.

(CONT'D)

306 **CONTINUED:** 306

LLOYD
That's what he said.

BECK
What is going on here?

LLOYD
(to Beck)
Shoot him!

Beck can't believe what he's hearing. He glances out into the main corridor.

BECK
What the hell are you talking about?

307 **MAIN CORRIDOR** 307

Masterson is closer now, still coming toward Beck and Lloyd. He sees Beck and FIRES AT HIM.

Beck ducks back as BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE BARS around him, then leans out and FIRES TWO ROUNDS INTO MASTERSON'S TORSO.

Masterson, stung but apparently unfazed, stops and FIRES BACK.

308 **CELL BLOCK** 308

Beck ducks in again for cover.

BECK
Use your space gun.

LLOYD
Not yet.

BECK
Why not?

MASTERSON (O.S.)
Alhague! How do you like being human?

LLOYD
Fine.

MASTERSON
Better than being Altarian. The Altairians are a filthy people.

BECK
I thought you said you could kill him with that thing.

LLOYD
(shrugs)
Yes and no. Shoot him again.

308 CONTINUED: 308

LLOYD
Well... yes and no.

BECK
Oh Christ!

309 MAIN CORRIDOR 309

Masterson stands in the middle of the corridor, maybe 30 feet from the cell block. He is an unnerving sight, bleeding from various wounds and nearly drained of blood.

MASTERSON
We could take over this place, the two of us, if we wanted. They have nothing to stop us.

PRISONER
Yo, man. What you talking about?

Masterson turns and FIRES AT THE PRISONER.

310 HOLDING CELL ACROSS FROM BECK AND LLOYD 310

The hail of bullets SLAMS INTO THE PRISONER.

311 MAIN CORRIDOR 311

Beck leans out and FIRES AT MASTERSON. ONE SLUG HITS MASTERSON IN THE BELLY. Masterson turns and EMPTIES WHAT'S LEFT IN THE CLIP at Beck, who ducks back into the cell block for cover.

Masterson continues to press the trigger, but there are no more bullets.

312 CELL BLOCK 312

Beck and Lloyd flatten themselves again the cell block wall, listening. Then they hear the clatter as --

313 MASTERSON 313

-- throws down the machine gun in disgust.

314 thru 316 OMITTED 314 thru 316

317 CELL BLOCK 317

Beck breathes a sigh of relief.

(CONT'D)

317 CONTINUED: 317

BECK
I think he's out of ammo.

MASTERSON (O.S.)
Not really.

Masterson steps into view with the LAWS ROCKET ready to fire.

Beck turns and SHOOTS, HITTING MASTERSON IN THE FOREHEAD AND BLOWING AWAY A CHUNK OF MASTERSON'S SKULL just as MASTERSON FIRES THE ROCKET, thereby deflecting the path of the rocket so that, instead of hitting Beck and Lloyd, the ROCKET HITS THE WALL AT THE END OF THE MAIN CORRIDOR, and EXPLODES IN A HUGE FIREBALL.

Beck and Lloyd are blown back by the blast but otherwise all right. Recovering, Beck peers around the corner into the main corridor.

318 INT. MAIN CELL CORRIDOR, JAIL 318

Masterson is gone. A TRAIL OF BLOOD leads up the corridor toward the smoke-filled jail entrance where COPS AND FIREMEN scurry about. Behind them, DAYLIGHT FILTERS THROUGH THE SMOKE around the hole in the wall the rocket has created.

Lloyd joins Beck, sees the blood, heaves a dejected sigh. Beck looks down at Lloyd's leg -- pants torn and bleeding.

Lloyd takes off toward the main door.

BECK
(following him)
Where the hell're you going?!

LLOYD
He'll have to change. I've got to be there when he does.

BECK
Who are you?

LLOYD
Let's not go through that again.

BECK
You feel no pain.

LLOYD
I feel it.

(CONT'D)

318 **CONTINUED:** 318

Beck grabs Lloyd's arm, points at the weapon.

BECK
Why didn't you use that thing?

Lloyd suddenly points the weapon at Beck. Beck is shocked. He didn't expect to die like this. Lloyd pulls the trigger. The BLUE LIGHT hits Beck. But nothing happens.

LLOYD
Wrong composition. It won't work

on human flesh. That's why I have to destroy the body it's in with regular weapons. So he'll have to change. Then --

Lloyd mock-fires the weapon. Then turns and heads out the jail. Beck takes a moment to catch his breath, a little shook up by the blue light experience.

CUT TO:

319 thru 321 **OMITTED** 319 thru 321

322 **INT. HALLWAY TO HOMICIDE DIVISION** 322

Lloyd and Beck follow the trail of blood down the smoky hallway. COPS are all over the place. Beck grabs a Cop carrying a shotgun.

BECK
Gimme that!

The Cop hesitates. Beck grabs him by the collar.

BECK
Don't fuck with me. Give it to me.

The Cop gives Beck the shotgun. Beck and Lloyd follow the blood toward Homicide. The blood leads into the Sketch Artist Office.

323 **INT. OUTSIDE SKETCH ARTIST OFFICE** 323

Lloyd flattens against the wall by the door and draws his weapon.

LLOYD
(whispers)
I'll go first.

BECK
Don't you need a regular gun?

LLOYD
Cover me.

Beck gives him a look, then nods again. And Lloyd bursts into the room.

324 **INT. SKETCH ARTIST OFFICE** 324

Lloyd stops short. Beck behind him. Brem quickly stands up beside the dead body of Masterson, looks up at them. Beck levels his shotgun at Brem.

BREM
DON'T SHOOT!

BECK
(to Lloyd)
It's him?

BREM
(unnerved)
Beck, what's going on?!

Lloyd looks closely at Brem.

(CONT'D)

324 CONTINUED: 324

LLOYD
(disappointed)
No.

Lloyd examines Masterson. Beck aims his shotgun at the body.

BREM
What the hell's going on?

BECK
Is he dead?

LLOYD
Yes.

BREM
Beck, who did this to Masterson?

LLOYD
You see anybody leave this room?

BREM
I don't know... Yeah. Willis.
He said he was going for a medic.

Beck looks at Lloyd, stricken.

BECK
Not Willis...

LLOYD
I don't know. But we better find
him. Now!

CUT TO:

325 EXT. PARK PLAZA HOTEL - DAY 325 *

A BLACK LIMOUSINE is just pulling up in front. PHOTOGRAPHERS and SUPPORTERS are waiting. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS watch the crowd. Among them is Ed Flynn. The photographers starts snapping photos as SENATOR HOLT gets out of the limo with his aide, Carol Miller, and Secret Service agents Stadt and Lowe. Holt waves and smiles to the crowd. They clap and cheer.

Holt and company enter the hotel which is surrounded by security.

326 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 326

Holt moves through the lobby toward the main staircase. Carol has a pad out, takes notes from the Senator between smiles, waves and handshakes.

CAROL
(sotto)
What do you want to do about the Animal Rights Fund Raiser?

HOLT
Apologize and tell them I'm elk hunting.

(CONT'D)

326 **CONTINUED:** 326

CAROL
(making notes)
I'll send them a telegram stating your support.

327 **EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOTEL - DAY** 327

TWO COPS and SECRET SERVICE AGENT FOWLER screen people entering the hotel. A BADGE is flipped open in front of one COP. The Cop waves the badge right in. The face behind the badge moves into camera. Willis. He's smiling as he enters the hotel.

CUT TO:

328 **INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION, POLICE STATION - DAY** 328

The PHONE RINGS. Beck snatches the phone out of Brem's hand. His left arm is back in its sling.

BECK
Where? Jesus Christ!
(to Lloyd)
He's in a hotel with a Senator running for president.

Lloyd bolts for the door. Beck throws the phone back to Brem, grabs Lloyd's Automatic out of the drawer with his good arm and races after him.

BREM
Will somebody please tell me what's going on?

CUT TO:

329 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY** 329

Willis moves with the CROWD up the main staircase toward the ballroom. He HEARS A WOMAN SCREAM from behind and turns.

330 **BECK AND LLOYD** 330

move through the lobby. Both have their weapons drawn. Cops and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS FOWLER AND GRAVES converge on Beck and Lloyd. Guns drawn.

AGENT FOWLER
Don't move. Drop the gun. Put your hands on top of your head.

BECK
(obeying)
I'm Detective Thomas Beck, L.A.P.D.

(CONT'D)

330 **CONTINUED:** 330

AGENT FOWLER
I don't care who you are. You!...
(meaning Lloyd)
Drop the rifle.

BECK
Drop it, Lloyd.
(to Agent)
There's a man inside who wants to kill the Senator

Ed Flynn hurries over.

FLYNN
Beck, what the hell are you doing here?

BECK
Listen, Willis is in here --

FLYNN
(to Fowler)
It's okay. He's one of mine.

The Secret Service Agents back off, albeit not without reservations. Flynn looks at Lloyd.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Who the hell's this?

Beck looks at Lloyd.

BECK
Lloyd Gallagher, F.B.I.

FLYNN
F.B.I.?

Flynn looks at Lloyd. Lloyd nods, then glances at Beck.

BECK
Yeah, from out of Seattle. Look. Willis is here. He, uh... He flipped. He's gonna kill Holt.

FLYNN
Willis?

BECK
Don't ask me to explain right now. Just find him and stop him.

Flynn hesitates a beat, then pulls his walkie-talkie --

(CONT'D)

330 **CONTINUED:** 330

FLYNN
Code Red. Code Red...

CUT TO:

331 **INT. CORRIDOR BY ELEVATORS - DAY** 331

Holt rehearses his speech as he moves down the corridor with Carol and the Secret Servicemen. They stop by the elevators. Stadt and Lowe get a message through their EARPLUGS. They pull their guns out, on full alert.

STADT
Sir.
(Holt turns)
I'm sorry, sir. There may be a possible assassin in the hotel. We've been asked to take you to a back exit.

They escort Holt and Carol out an exit.

CUT TO:

332 **INT. CORRIDOR NEAR MEN'S ROOM - DAY** 332

PEOPLE move through the corridor. Among them, Willis. A POLICEMAN spots him.

POLICEMAN
Detective Willis!
(Willis doesn't stop)
Halt!

The Policeman draws his gun. Willis turns and FIRES his .45 AUTOMATIC, blowing the Policeman halfway down the corridor. The gunshot breaks everything wide open. SCREAMS. CHAOS. People run for cover. Hit the floor. Willis continues on.

333 **INT. MAIN STAIRCASE, LOBBY** 333

Lloyd and Beck bolt up the staircase. Secret Service Agents Fowler and Graves run with them. Flynn and 3 Cops follow.

334 **INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM, HOTEL** 334

Stadt and Lowe, pistols drawn, run into the hallway holding on to Holt. Carol runs alongside. They HEAR MORE PISTOL SHOTS. Stadt looks around, spots the storage room door. They move Holt and Carol into a STORAGE ROOM.

335 **INT. STORAGE ROOM** 335

The Agents push Senator Holt and Carol to the back.

STADT
Stay there. Don't move.

Stadt and Lowe, guns ready, move back to the door. Guarding. Lowe pulls out a WALKIE TALKIE.

A336 **INT. CORRIDOR NEAR MEN'S ROOM** A336

Beck and Lloyd turn into the corridor, followed by Fowler and Graves. Beck stops by the shot Policeman as Fowler and Graves run past. He sees the man is dead, and he and Lloyd continue the chase.

336 **INT. MEZZANINE, HOTEL** 336

Willis moves into the room from the (ballroom) stairs.

AGENT BASCH steps out from the other end of the mezzanine and FIRES at Willis with his MINI-UZI.

Willis is HIT IN THE SHOULDER and knocked down. Turns to fire at Basch. Basch FIRES AGAIN. HITTING WILLIS IN THE LEG.

Willis FIRES. BLOWING AWAY AGENT BASCH.

337 **FOWLER AND GRAVES** 337

Appear around the (ballroom) stairs. Willis ducks for cover as they OPEN FIRE, wounding Willis. Lloyd and Beck now arrive and ALSO OPEN FIRE.

338 **WILLIS** 338

dashes across the mezzanine toward the Terrace Room end.

339 **MEZZANINE, HOTEL** 339

Taking cover behind planters near the stairs, Beck, Lloyd and the two Secret Servicemen CONTINUES FIRING AT WILLIS.

Willis is HIT AGAIN. He FIRES, WOUNDING AGENT FOWLER. And runs down the corridor leading to the rear stairwell (actually into the Terrace Room)

Lloyd, Beck and Graves take off after Willis. Fowler, wounded, remains behind.

340 **INT. SERVICE STAIRWAY, HOTEL** 340

Willis slams another clip in his gun and runs down the stairs.

341 **LLOYD** 341

is first to the stairway. He checks carefully that Willis is gone. Then Beck, he and Graves run down the stairs.

342 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN 342

Willis runs in to the kitchen which is empty of personnel, between catered affairs. He takes cover behind a steam table. He can hardly breath, hardly stand.

Lloyd Beck and Agent Graves run into the kitchen.

Willis suddenly steps out and OPENS FIRE with his .45. AGENT GRAVES IS HIT, goes down. Beck and Lloyd FIRE BACK at Willis. But then --

343 BECK 343

-- IS HIT. In the stomach. Falls to his knees. Bullets RICOCHET off the walls.

344 WILLIS 344

runs staggering out of the kitchen, leaving a blood stained steam table behind. Lloyd FIRES ONCE, then his gun is empty.

345 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN 345

Lloyd kneels beside Beck, stricken. Beck tries to speak, can't. Ed Flynn runs in with THREE COPS. They see Beck and stop.

LLOYD
Get a doctor!

FLYNN
Do it!

One Cop takes off back out the kitchen.

FLYNN
(to other Cop)
Stay with him.

Flynn takes off with the third Cop. Lloyd doesn't want to leave Beck. But Beck weakly pushes him away. Lloyd gets up and takes out his sleek silver weapon. The time is close -- the body transfer will have to take place soon. And Lloyd will be there. Beck watches him go.

CUT TO:

346 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM 346

Stadt is standing outside. Ready. And he can't believe what he sees coming toward him - Willis, bleeding from several wounds.

STADT
(raising gun)
Stay where you are, do not attempt --

(CONT'D)

346 CONTINUED: 346

Willis raises his gun. Stadt FIRES. The BULLET GOES RIGHT THROUGH WILLIS'S SHOULDER. Willis FIRES, HITTING STADT IN THE CHEST. Stadt SLAMS against the wall.

347 INT. STORAGE ROOM 347

Carol SCREAMS. Lowe motions to Holt. *

LOWE
In the closet! Now! *

Holt pushes Carol into the broom closet.

HOLT
Get in! *

TWO BULLETS blast through the door, HITTING LOWE. Holt * shuts the closet behind Carol. Lowe stumbles back. Willis pushes the door open. Lowe raises his gun.

Willis FIRES ANOTHER SHOT INTO HIM, BLOWING HIM INTO A PILE * OF TRAYS. Willis turns toward Holt. He isn't bleeding anymore. There is hardly a drop left in him. He is a walking corpse.

HOLT *
What do you want?

Willis doesn't answer. Just moves toward Holt.

HOLT
Answer me, goddammit!

348 INSIDE BROOM CLOSET 348

Carol can SEE, looking out through the VENTILATION SLATS IN THE DOOR --

349 CAROL'S POV: THE MEN'S FEET

Struggling. Holt's and Willis's legs, scuffling. Then both legs become still, locked in a death struggle.

350 thru 351 OMITTED 350 thru 351

352 thru 353 OMITTED 35 thr 35

354 **HALLWAY OUTSIDE STORAGE ROOM** 354

Lloyd runs down the hallway, weapon in hand. He reaches the storage room just as Holt and Carol are moved out of the room by a horde of Secret Service Agents and police who completely surround both the Senator and Carol, forming a human shield.

Lloyd looks inside, sees Flynn and the 3rd Cop by Willis's dead body. Flynn is checking for vital signs, but there are none. Another Agent is by Lowe's dead body.

Lloyd wheels around. The Agents are moving Holt and Carol down the hall toward the exit. Lloyd scrambles alongside with his weapon out, trying desperately to get a look inside the human shield. But Carol and Holt are both mostly hidden by the bodies surrounding them.

Then, just as the group are about to exit the hallway, there is a break in the shield. Carol turns, her hand over her face in shock. Then Holt turns.

355 **CU: HOLT** 355*

He looks at Lloyd. And the tongue moves between his lips. And he smiles a smile of utter, evil contentment as the Secret Service Agents hustle him out a door.

356 **LLOYD** 356

stops, puts his weapon back into his pocket. Helpless.

CUT TO:

357 **EXT. PARK PLAZA HOTEL - DAY** 357

A circus of Secret Service Agents, cops, police cars. Beck, on a STRETCHER, is being wheeled to an AMBULANCE by a PARAMEDIC. ANOTHER PARAMEDIC holds a BLOOD TRANSFUSION.

(CONT'D)

357 **CONTINUED:** 357

Lloyd hurries over and walks with the stretcher.

LLOYD
(to Paramedic)
How is he?

The Paramedic just shrugs. Beck sees Lloyd. He motions Lloyd faintly with his head to come closer.

BECK
(a struggle to speak)
Did we get him?

LLOYD
(beat)
Yes. We did.

The Paramedics load Beck into the ambulance and shut the doors. The ambulance drives off. Lloyd stands in the street, watching it go.

CUT TO:

358 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, HOTEL - DAY** 358

A press conference is in progress. REPORTERS. TV NEWS CREWS. On stage: Holt, Carol and Flynn. Carol basically running the show. ARMED POLICE and SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are posted throughout the room. Among them Agent Sardi.

REPORTER #1
Has any motive for been determined for why Detective Willis would want to assassinate Senator Holt?

CAROL
Not as of this moment. Captain Flynn?

FLYNN
The department is checking into his background, but so far we have no motive.

REPORTER #2
Senator, do you still intend to run for president?

(CONT'D)

358 **CONTINUED:** 358

CAROL
(quickly stepping in)
The Senator will discuss his campaign plans after he's had adequate time to fully reflect on the situation. But I don't think this incident will dissuade. the Senator, no.

HOLT
(to himself)
I want to be president.

REPORTER #2
What's that, Senator?

Carol smiles. Moves Holt to the battery of microphones.

HOLT
I want to be president.

And he smiles with delight at the thought.

359 **INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY** 359

Heavily guarded by COPS and SECRET SERVICE. Lloyd walks up to the entrance and flashes his I.D. at Agent Sardi. Lloyd has cleaned himself up, changed into a new suit. Agent Sardi nods, then looks down at a BAG Lloyd is carrying.

AGENT SARDI
What's in the bag?

LLOYD
Just some equipment.

AGENT SARDI
What kind of equipment?

Lloyd hesitates. Sardi immediately tenses.

AGENT SARDI
Open it up.

Lloyd goes to open it up. Then shoves Sardi aside and pushes through into the conference room.

AGENT SARDI
(shouts into walkie-talkie)
Code 2! Code 2!

360 **OMITTED** 360

361 thru 363 OMITTED 361 thru 363

364 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 364

Lloyd bursts into the conference room, pulls from the bag the FLAME THROWER Sanchez had confiscated, and runs down the aisle toward Holt. Secret Service Agents and cops rush toward Lloyd with guns out. Sardi and Cops chase him from behind. Flynn, next to Holt, also pulls his gun and interposes his body in front of Holt's.

AGENT SARDI
HALT!

Pandemonium! People dive for cover. Agents FIRE AT LLOYD, HITTING HIM REPEATEDLY. But Lloyd keeps going, taking GUNSHOT AFTER DEVASTATING GUNSHOT. His eyes fixed on Holt.

LLOYD
Flynn! Get away!

Slowed down and severely weakened but with the same unyielding intent, Lloyd is almost at the stage. Flame thrower pointed at Flynn and Holt. Flynn is unsure what to do. Suddenly, Holt breaks away from Flynn, panicked. In that instant, Lloyd FIRES the flame thrower, enveloping Holt in a DEVASTATING INFERNO that UTTERLY ANNIHILATES the Senator's body.

The Secret Service Agents all FIRE THEIR WEAPONS AT LLOYD, who finally goes down in a HAILSTORM OF BULLETS.

Suddenly --

REPORTER #1
Look!

365 ON STAGE 365

The ALIEN COMES OUT OF THE HOLT'S CHARRED MOUTH. The black membranous mass BEGINS TO GROW into a HUGE, HIDEOUSLY EVIL, PULSATING BLACK MONSTER. It GROWLS and ROARS.

366 THE CROWD 366

-- reporters and security alike -- is simply stunned, horror-struck

367 LLOYD 367

mortally wounded and bleeding, manages to pull his silver weapon out. With his last bit of strength, he aims it and FIRES. The weapon makes its loud HIGH-PITCHED SOUND.

368 THE ALIEN 368

ROARS as it is hit by the PINPOINT OF BLUE LIGHT. The light ENVELOPS THE ALIEN, crackling with LIGHTNING-LIKE ENERGY. And then it EXPLODES, atomizing the Alien into a THOUSAND IRIDESCENT ELECTRIC FIREBALLS.

369 LLOYD 369

watches the Alien destroyed, expressionless. And then he collapses.

CUT TO:

370 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 370

CAMERA PANS AROUND HOSPITAL MACHINERY: Heart machine, blood machine - the myriad of life saving equipment in the INTENSIVE CARE UNIT. CAMERA CONTINUES PAN past tubes and graphs to BECK. Lying on the hospital bed. Tubes into his arms and nose and mouth. Near death.

Barbara stands at the foot of the bed. Her face red from crying. A DOCTOR is with her. The doctor takes her by the arm. She doesn't want to go.

She moves beside her husband, looking at him for a moment. Then she leans over, kisses him on the forehead.

371 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BECK'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY 371

CAMERA WATCHES FROM INSIDE A ROOM as Barbara comes out with the doctor. BARBARA'S MOTHER is waiting there with little Juliet. Barbara takes Juliet's hand.

JULIET
Mommy, is daddy gonna be all right?

(CONT'D)

371 **CONTINUED:** 371

Barbara starts to cry again. She picks Juliet up and holds her tight.

BARBARA
Your daddy loves you very much.

They all walk down the corridor.

372 **LLOYD** 372

steps out of the room opposite Beck's, into the corridor. He is in a hospital gown, bandaged, very pale, near death himself. He watches Barbara and family go down the corridor. Then slips into Beck's room.

373 **INT. BECK'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY** 373

Lloyd stands over Beck for a moment. Watching him. Beck's breathing is erratic. Lloyd looks at Beck, hopeful. He takes his hand, gently.

LLOYD
Beck...

Beck's heart suddenly stops. A BUZZER GOES OFF. The HEART GRAPH drops to a straight line.

For a moment, Lloyd is alarmed. Just for a moment. Then he quickly disconnects the buzzer, shuts the room door.

Lloyd moves his face very close to Beck's, as if listening for the sound of his breath. Then he opens his mouth and, instead of a black membranous fluid, a small intense WHITE LIGHT begins to flow out, into Beck.

CUT TO:

374 **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BECK'S ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY** 374

HOSPITAL STAFF run for Beck's room. Barbara, Juliet, Mother and Doctor with them.

375 **INT. BECK'S ROOM, HOSPITAL** 375

They move up to Beck. Stop suddenly.

BARBARA
Oh my God.

Lloyd is lying on the floor. A doctor leans down next to him.

DOCTOR
He's dead.

(CONT'D)

375 **CONTINUED:** 375

Barbara looks at Lloyd's body and begins to cry. She pulls Juliet into her so she won't see the body.

BECK'S VOICE (O.S.)
(weakly)
Hey, babe...

Barbara turns to the voice. And finds herself looking at her husband.

376 BECK 376

is barely conscious. But he manages a smile. Then he reaches out. Barbara takes his hand. Though her eyes are still filled with tears, she smiles. It looks like he's going to make it.

Juliet comes to the side of the bed and stares at Beck with utter wonder. He smiles back and takes her hand.

FADE OUT.